# THE COMPLETE collection of PICTURES & SONGS

BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

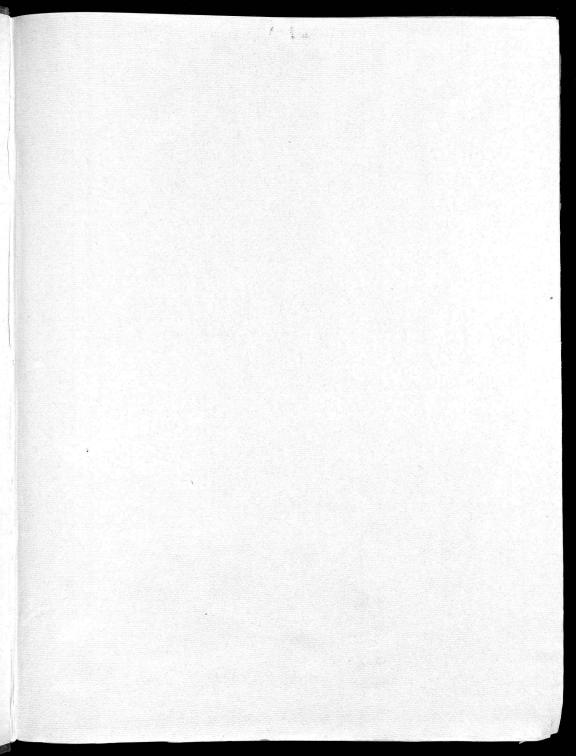
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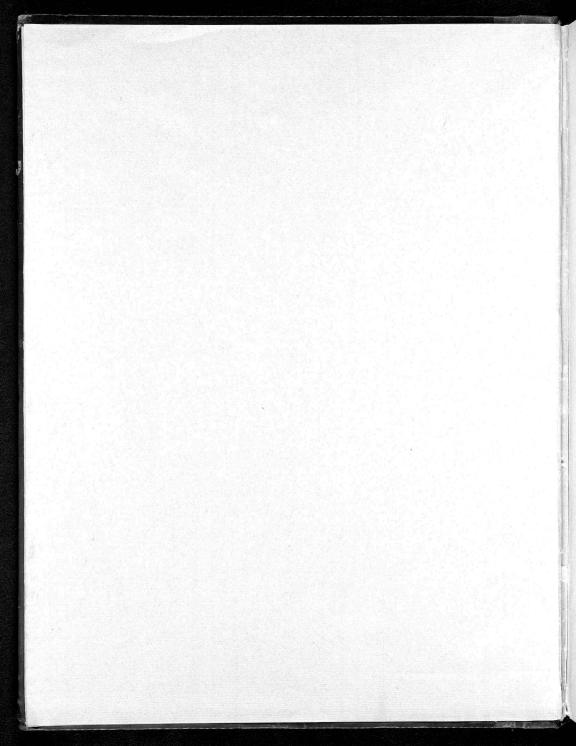
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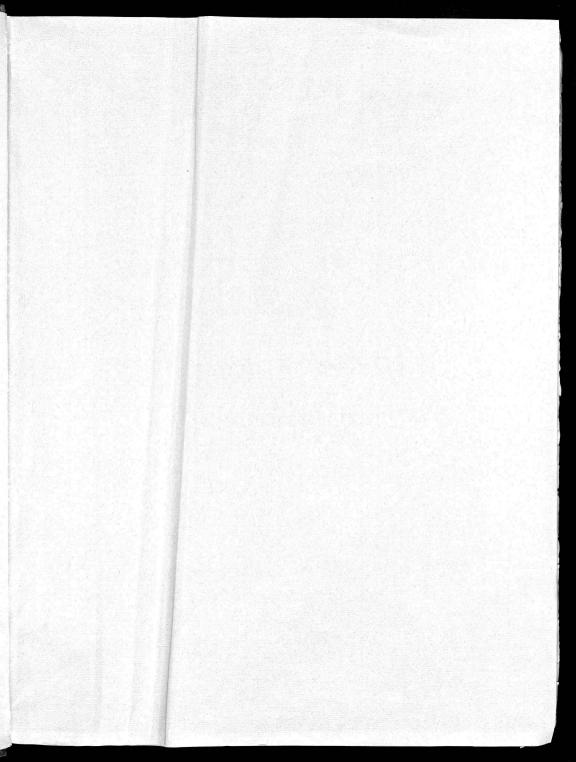


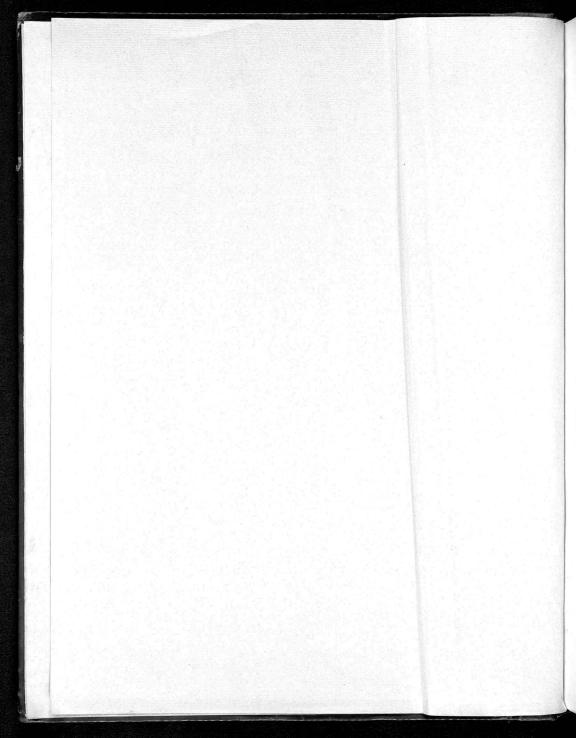












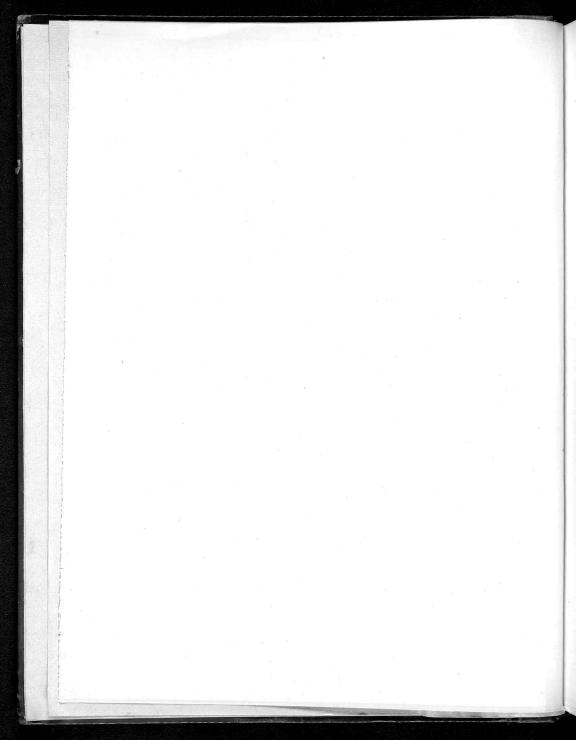
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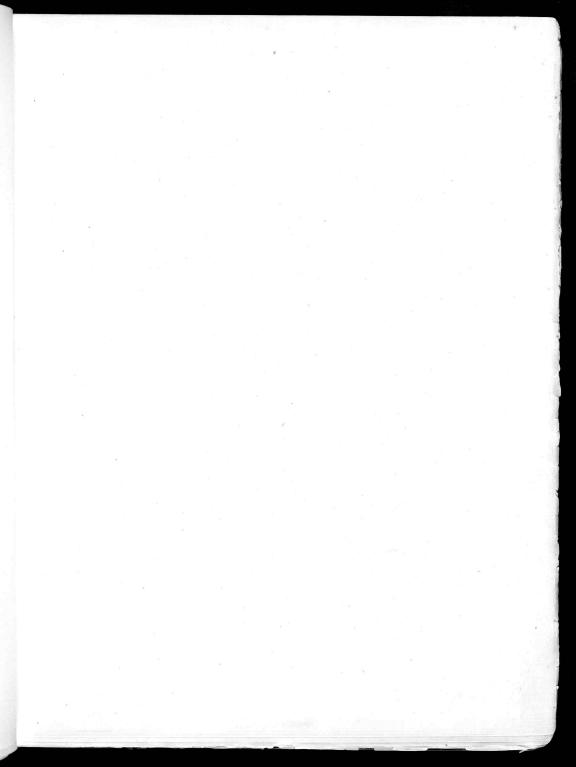
Complete Collection

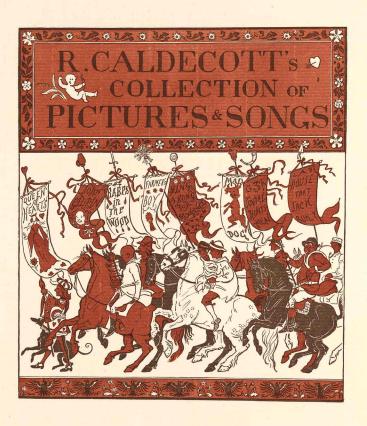
OF

PICTURES & SONGS

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT







The

## Complete Collection

OF

# PICTURES & SONGS

BY

#### RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY EDMUND EVANS

WITH A PREFACE

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW, AND NEW YORK
1887

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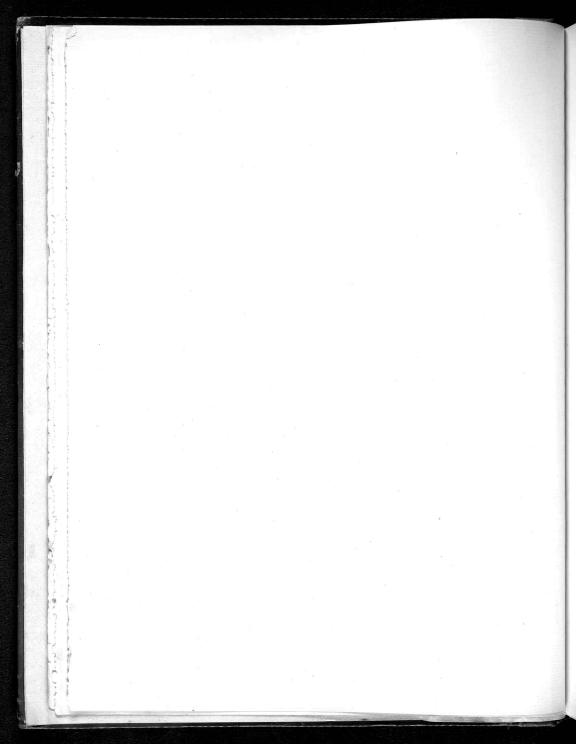
Edmund Evans

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#### PREFACE.

HE first two of the children's books here reproduced were published in 1878; the last two in 1885, only a few weeks before Mr. Caldecott's premature death.

He had not intended to make any further additions to their number, and the series is consequently complete. Into what new domain his still-creative genius would have wandered, - for he was well on the hither side of the period fixed by tradition for the decline of human invention, and in spite of ill-health, was gifted with a rare buoyancy and elasticity of temperament,—it is idle to conjecture. But his gradual development from the tentative sketches of his early days into the purely individual manner of his latest work, had been unmistakeable enough to justify the belief that even higher triumphs might have been reserved to his ripened powers. Would he not have gained fresh laurels as a designer in some unfamiliar field?—as a modeller of bas-relief touched with his own distinctive quality?—as a delicate and dexterous water-colour artist? None can answer these questions now. But at least he has left us a definite legacy of accomplished work, for which we can scarcely be too grateful, since it is unique in kind, and certain to be enduring in charm.

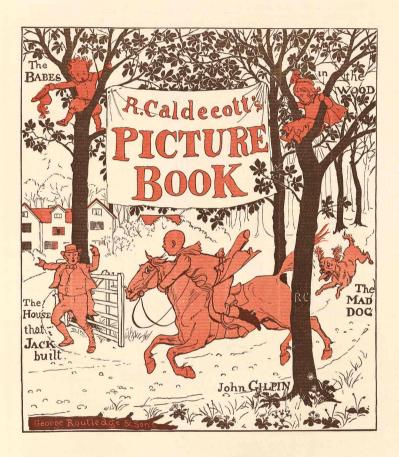
Of this legacy, the two volumes of "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," and the present collection of picture-books are surely the most memorable. In decorating the gentle and kindly pages of Goldsmith's American disciple, Mr. Caldecott seems for the first time to have discovered a fitting outlet for his cherished memories of the country-side where he was bred, and of the picturesque old town where he was born;—for those loving studies of animal life which had delighted him as a boy;—for that feeling for the old-world in costume and accessory which was a native impulse in his talent. No books of this century have been so genially, so loyally, so sympathetically illustrated. And yet these Irving volumes, however excellent, were but the stepping stones to the artist's more

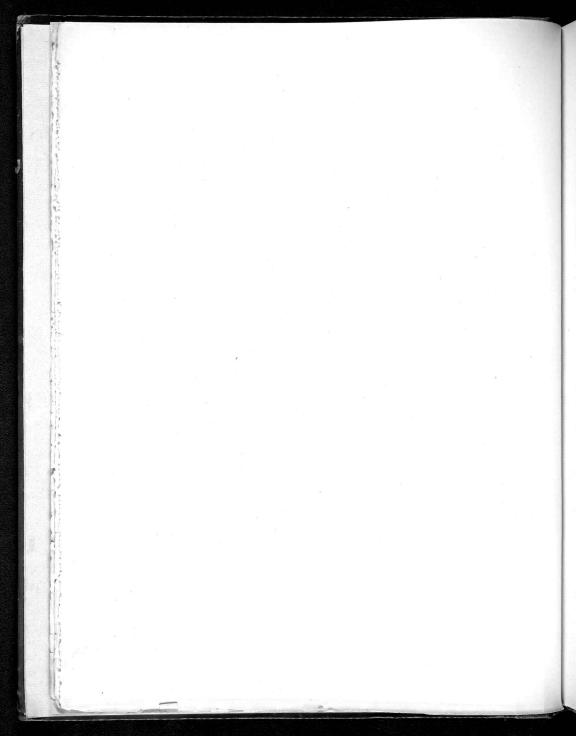
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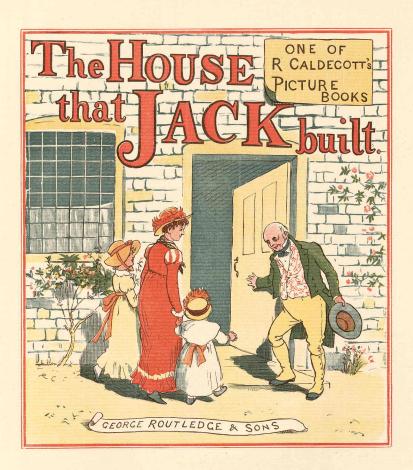
signal successes in nursery literature. "John Gilpin" and "The Mad Dog" are illustrated books; but they are illustrated books "with a difference." Mr. CALDECOTT found in them his theme, it is true: but it was a theme upon which his pencil played the most engaging variations. Who, for example, ever before conceived of Madam Blaize as a pawnbroker, because—

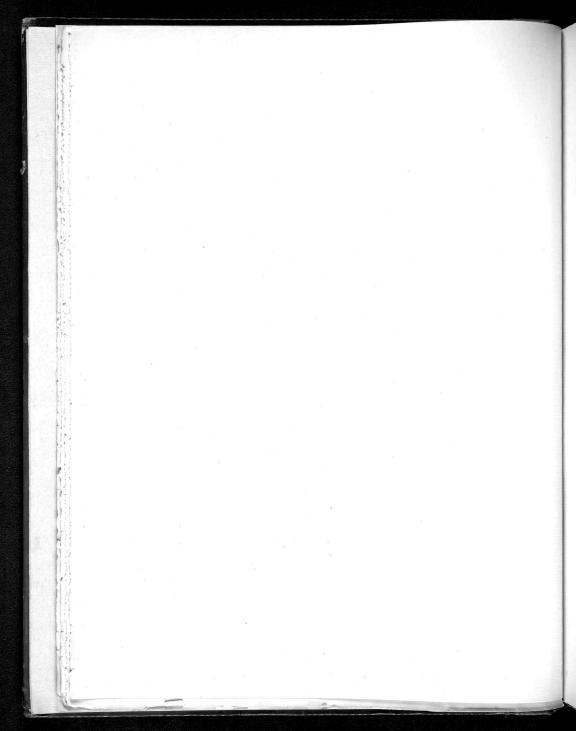
"She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind"?

Who, again, had penetrated the hidden secret of that corroding jealousy which led the dog to bite the prim and impeccable personage who afterwards so fatally disagreed with him? And where else had the world been shown the authentic academic presence,—the very "form and pressure," -of "The Great Panjandrum Himself," "with the little round button at top;" or imagined the hurly-burly of those headlong, horn-blowing, cheek-bursting and hopelessly futile "Jovial Huntsmen"? Nor were these all, or even a tithe of the sportive surprises, the undreamed disclosures, of these captivating pages. Around and about them the artist has woven the most humourous ingenuities, the most freakish and frolicsome fancies; he has set them in the most inviting framework of town and country; he has enlisted in his service the most blithe and winsome figures of women and children, the most irresistible dogs and horses and birds. The open-air life of England, with all its freshness and breeziness, its pastoral seduction and its picturesque environment, is everywhere present in his work. He has the art, too, of being elegant without being effeminate, and of being tender without being mawkish. It was said of a great English novelist that his laugh clears the air; it may be said of these light-hearted pictures that their mirth clears not only the air but the imagination. No taint clings to them of morbid affectation or sickly sentiment: they are the genuine pictorial utterances of a manly, happy nature, delighting in beauty, delighting in innocent pleasure, and dowered as few English artists have been with the gifts of refinement and grace.









THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



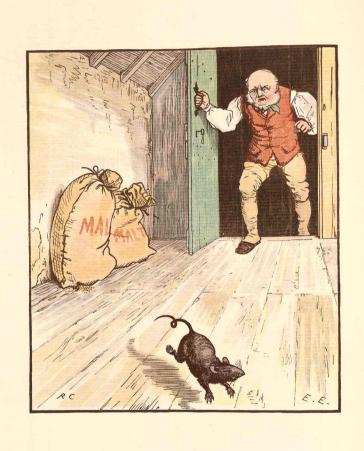
THIS is the House that

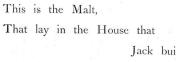
Jack built.

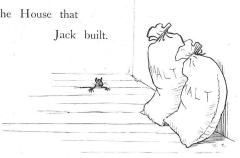


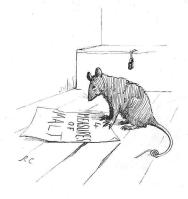






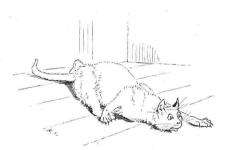


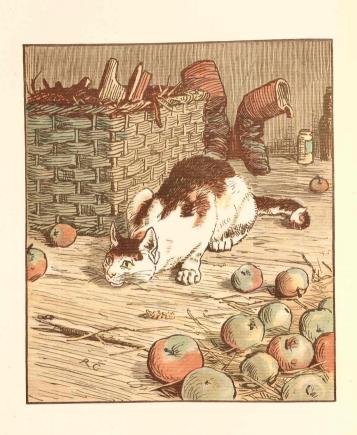




This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.





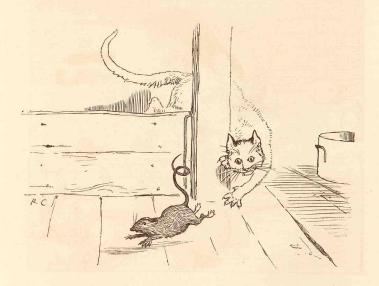


This is the Cat,

That killed the Rat,

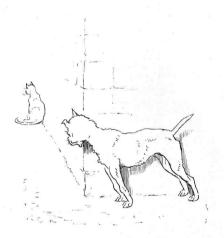
That ate the Malt,

That lay in the House that Jack built.





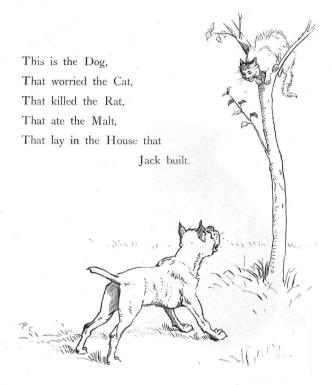
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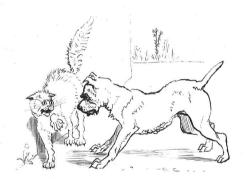


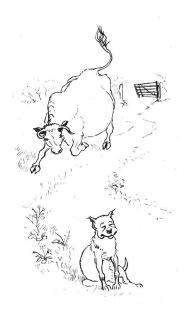


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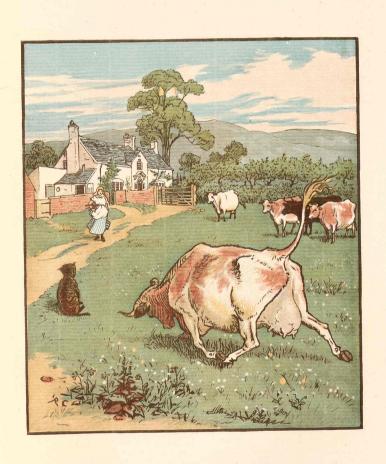




This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that
Jack built.











This is the Maiden all forlorn,

That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,



That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.









This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,



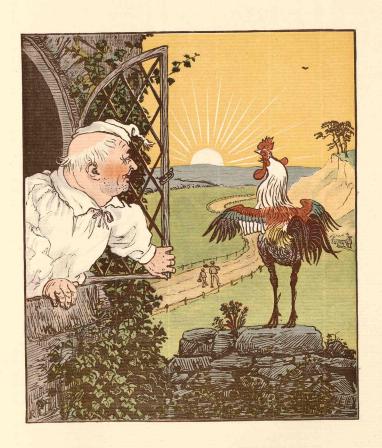
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.

That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House

that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,









This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,

That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn,

That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the Man all tattered and torn,

That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,

That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the Dog,

That worried the Cat,

That killed the Rat,

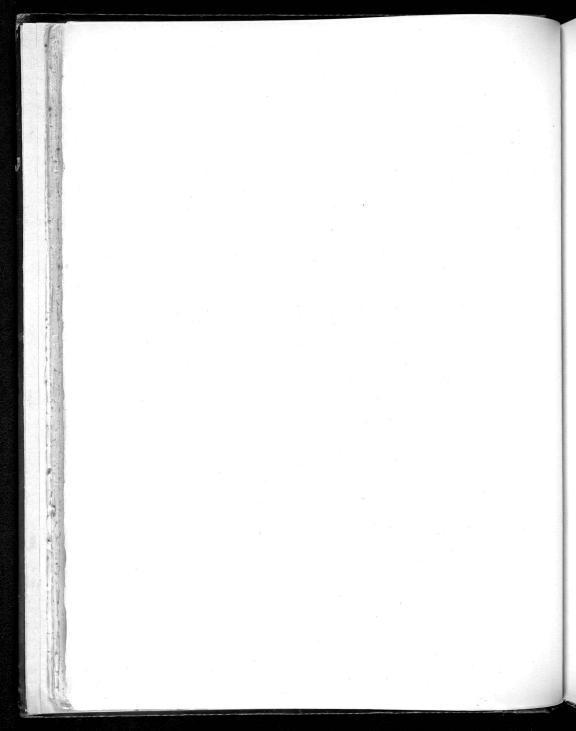
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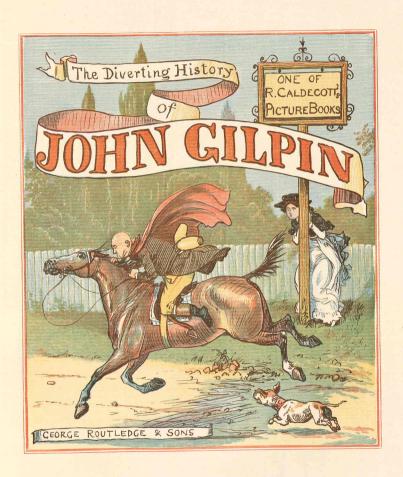
That lay in the House

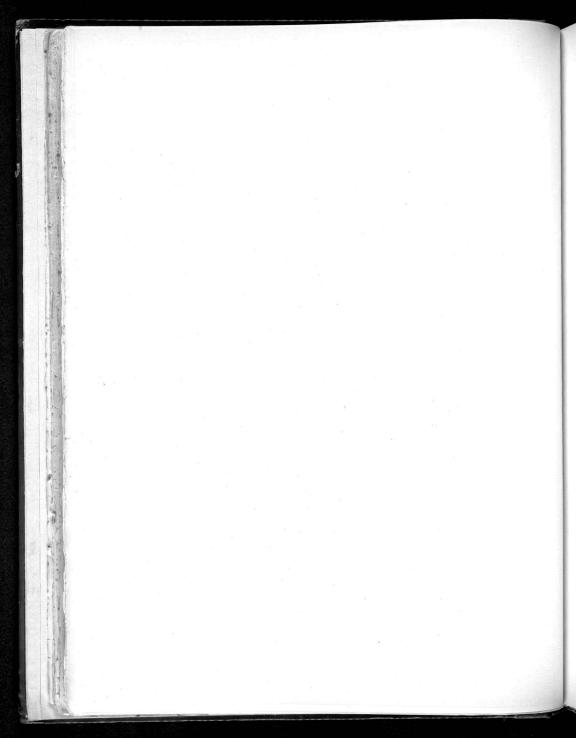
that Jack built.





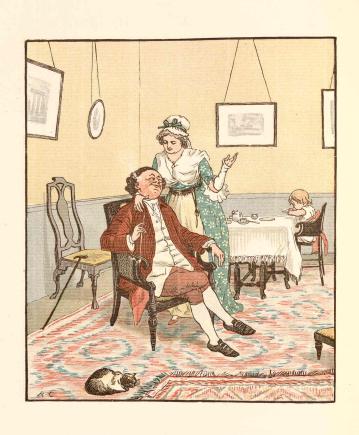






THE DIVERTING HISTORY

OF JOHN GILPIN.



## THE DIVERTING HISTORY

. .

## JOHN GILPIN:

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."



He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,

As all the world doth know,

And my good friend the calender

Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;

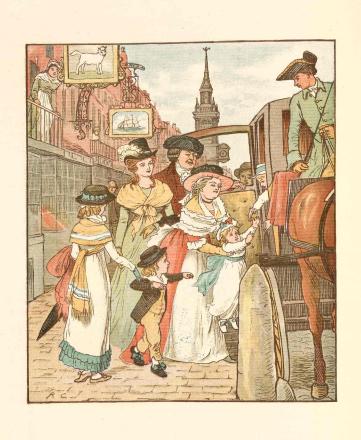
And for that wine is dear,

We will be furnished with our own,

Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.





The morning came, the chaise was

But yet was not allowed [brought,
To drive up to the door, lest all

Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
Were never folks so glad! [wheels,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side Seized fast the flowing mane, And up he got, in haste to ride, But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.





'Twas long before the customers

Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came down"The wine is left behind!" [stairs,

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it
My leathern belt likewise, [me,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) Had two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor that she loved, And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,

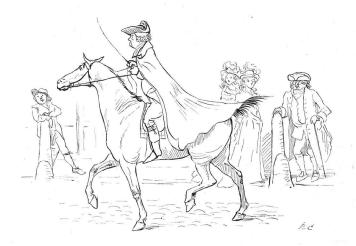
Through which the belt he drew,

And hung a bottle on each side,

To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and
He manfully did throw. [neat,

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.



But finding soon a smoother road

Beneath his well-shod feet,

The snorting beast began to trot,

Which galled him in his seat.



"So, fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his
And eke with all his might. [hands,

His horse, who never in that sort Had handled been before, What thing upon his back had got, Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;

Away went hat and wig;

He little dreamt, when he set out,

Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.



Then might all people well discern

The bottles he had slung;

A bottle swinging at each side,

As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children

Up flew the windows all; [screamed,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"

As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?

His fame soon spread around;

"He carries weight! he rides a race!

'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view

How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.





And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,

Most piteous to be seen,

Which made the horse's flanks to

As they had basted been. [smoke,



But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.



Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

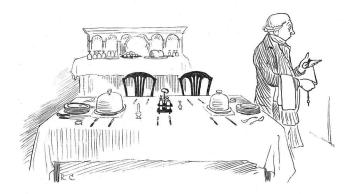
And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.



At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the They all at once did cry; [house!"

"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
Says Gilpin—"So am I!"



But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong:

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:



"What news? what news? your tidings
Tell me you must and shall— [tell;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender

In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would

And, if I well forebode, [come:

My hat and wig will soon be here,

They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find

His friend in merry pin,

Returned him not a single word,

But to the house went in;



Whence straight he came with hat and
A wig that flowed behind, [wig,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn

Thus showed his ready wit:

"My head is twice as big as yours,

They therefore needs must fit."



"But let me scrape the dirt away,

That hangs upon your face;

And stop and eat, for well you may

Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine;

'Twas for your pleasure you came here, You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!

For which he paid full dear;

For while he spake, a braying ass

Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,

And galloped off with all his might, As he had done before.



15 h

might

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went Gilpin's hat and wig;

He lost them sooner than at first,

For why?—they were too big.



Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said

That drove them to the "Bell,"

"This shall be yours when you bring

My husband safe and well." [back



The youth did ride, and soon did

John coming back amain; [meet

Whom in a trice he tried to stop,

By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,

And gladly would have done,

The frighted steed he frighted more,

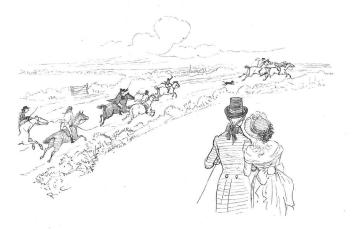
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away

Went postboy at his heels,

The postboy's horse right glad to miss

The lumbering of the wheels.



Six gentlemen upon the road,

Thus seeing Gilpin fly,

With postboy scampering in the rear,

They raised the hue and cry.

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"

Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way

Did join in the pursuit.'







And now the turnpike-gates again

Flew open in short space;

The toll-men thinking, as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

For he got first to town;

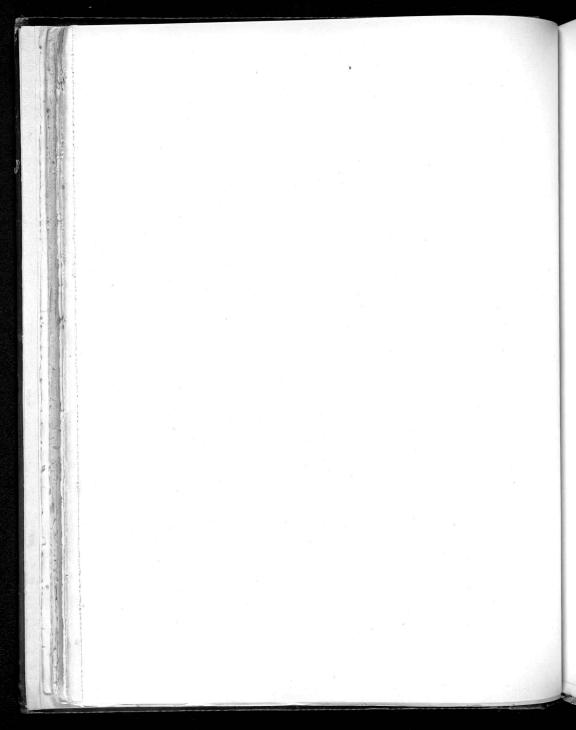
Nor stopped till where he had got

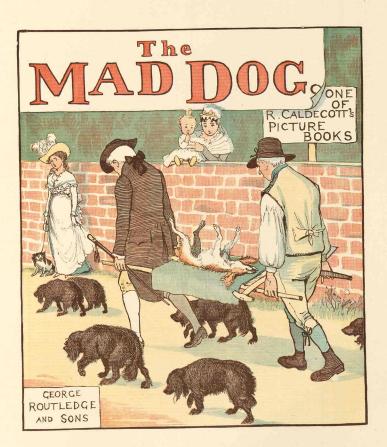
He did again get down. [up,

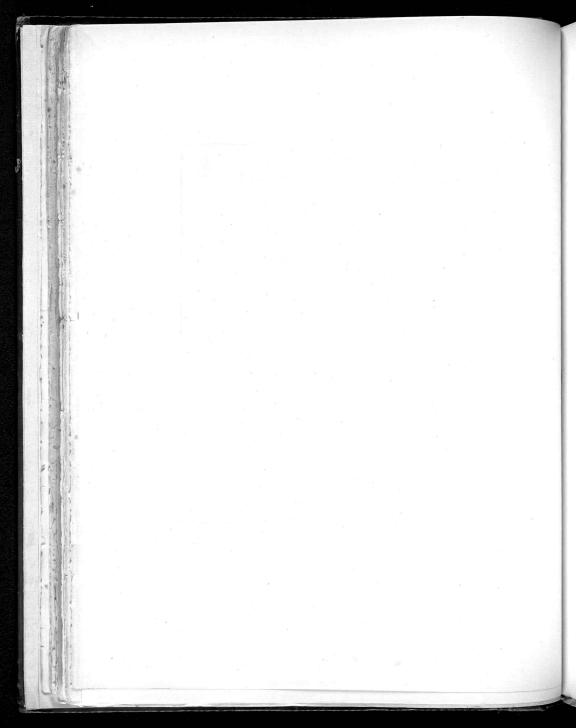
Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.





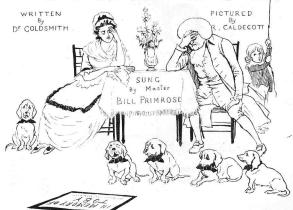




ELEGY ON A MAD DOG.



## An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.







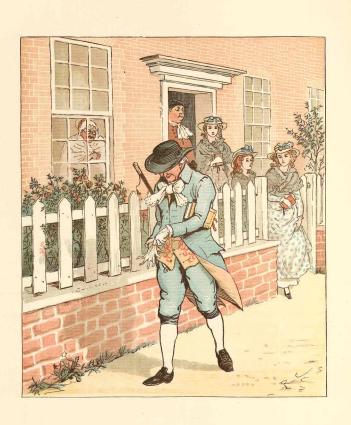
GOOD people all, of every sort,

Give ear unto my song;

And if you find it wondrous short,



It cannot hold you long.



Agis 15a



In Islington there lived a man,

Of whom the world might say,

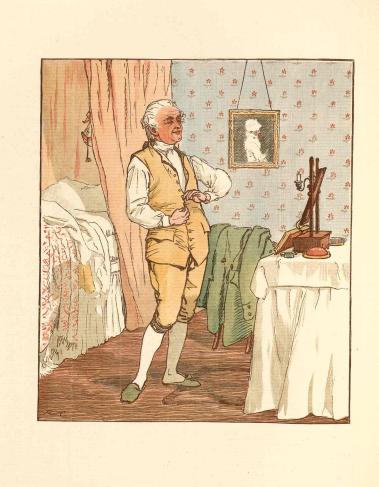
That still a godly race he ran,



Whene'er he went



to pray.





A kind and gentle heart he had,

To comfort friends and foes;

The naked every day he clad,



When he put on



his clothes.



And in that town a dog was found:

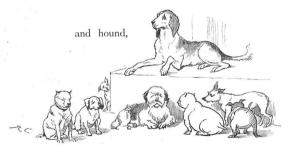
As many dogs there be——



Both mongrel,

puppy,

whelp,



And curs of low degree.





This dog and man at first were friends;



But, when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.





Around from all



the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran;





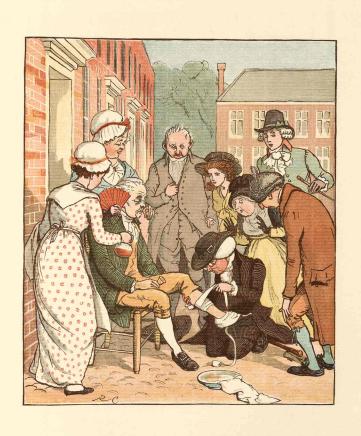
And swore the dog had lost his wits,



To bite so good a man.



The wound it seem'd both sore and sad To every christian eye;





And while they swore the dog was mad,



They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,

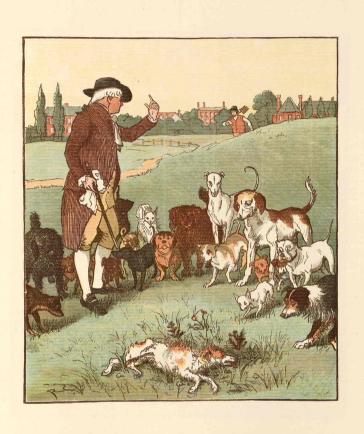
That show'd the rogues they lied—

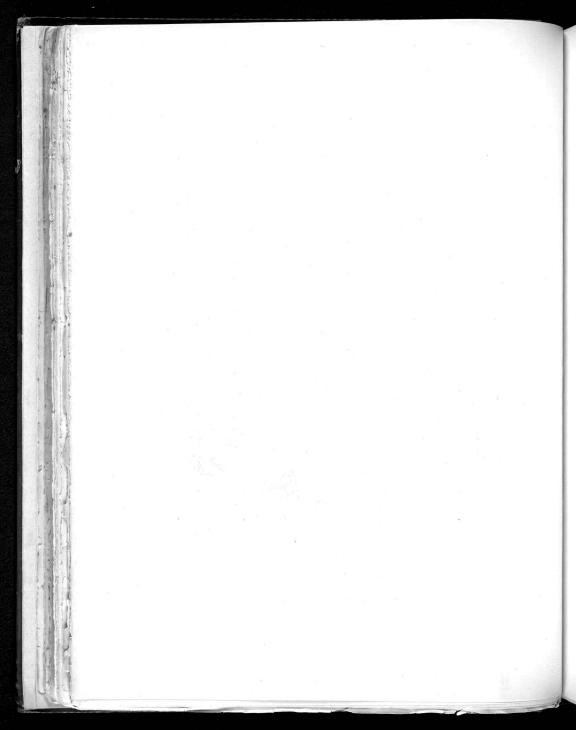


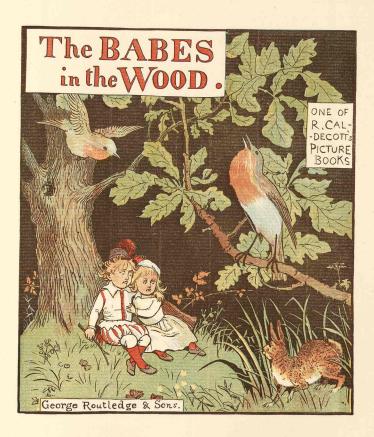
The man recover'd of the bite;

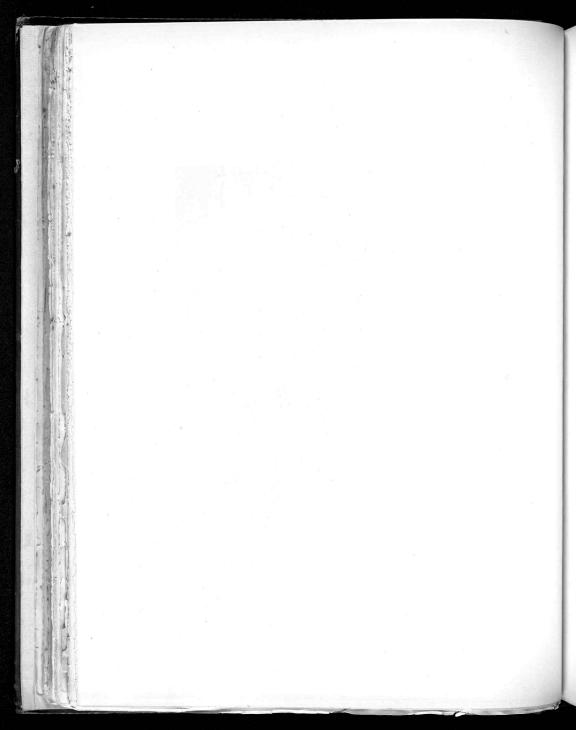


The dog it was that died.

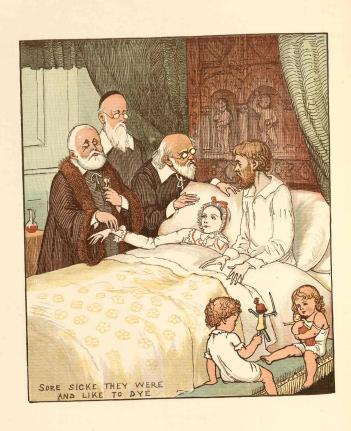








THE BABES IN THE WOOD.





NOW ponder well, you parents deare,

These wordes which I shall write;

A doleful story you shall heare,

In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account

In Norfolke dwelt of late,

Who did in honour far surmount

Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,

No helpe his life could save;

His wife by him as sicke did lye,

And both possest one grave.



No love between these two was lost,

Each was to other kinde;

In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,

And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing three yeares olde;

The other a girl more young than he,

And fram'd in beautye's molde.

The father left his little son,

As plainlye doth appeare,

When he to perfect age should come,

Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:



But if the children chanced to dye,

Ere they to age should come,

Their uncle should possesse their wealth;

For so the wille did run.



"Now, brother," said the dying man,

"Look to my children deare;

Be good unto my boy and girl,

No friendes else have they here:

"To God and you I do commend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."



With that bespake their mother deare:

"O brother kinde," quoth shee,

"You are the man must bring our babes

To wealth or miserie:





"And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will you reward;

But if you otherwise should deal,

God will your deedes regard."



With lippes as cold as any stone,

They kist the children small:

"God bless you both, my children deare;"

With that the teares did fall.





These speeches then their brother spake

To this sicke couple there:

"The keeping of your little ones,

Sweet sister, do not feare:

"God never prosper me nor mine,

Nor aught else that I have,

If I do wrong your children deare,

When you are layd in grave."





The parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And bringes them straite unto his house,

Where much of them he makes.





He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,

Which were of furious mood,

That they should take the children young,

And slaye them in a wood.



He told his wife an artful tale,

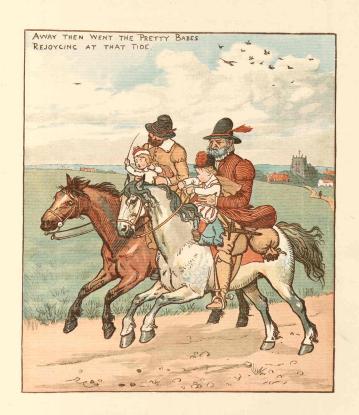
He would the children send

To be brought up in faire London,

With one that was his friend.



Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.





They prate and prattle pleasantly

As they rode on the waye,

To those that should their butchers be,

And work their lives' decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,

Made murderers' heart relent;

And they that undertooke the deed,

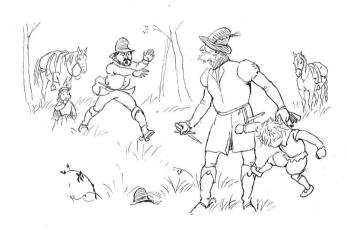
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,

Did vow to do his charge,

Because the wretch, that hired him,

Had paid him very large.



The other would not agree thereto,

So here they fell to strife;

With one another they did fight,

About the children's life:

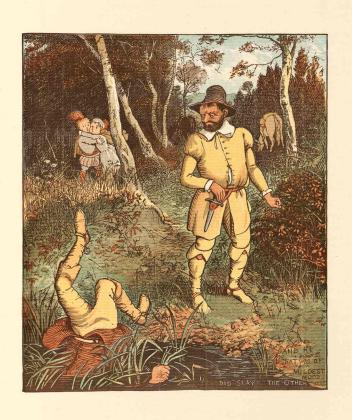


And he that was of mildest mood

Did slaye the other there,

Within an unfrequented wood,

Where babes did quake for feare!





He took the children by the hand,

While teares stood in their eye,

And bade them come and go with him,

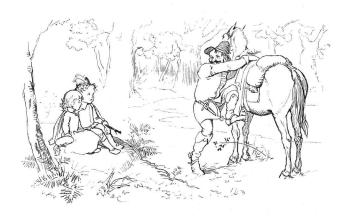
And look they did not crye:

And two long miles he ledd them on,

While they for food complaine:

"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring ye bread,

When I come back againe."



These prettye babes, with hand in hand, Went wandering up and downe;



But never more they sawe the man Approaching from the town.





Their prettye lippes with blackberries Were all besmear'd and dyed; And when they sawe the darksome night,

They sat them downe and cryed.



Thus wandered these two prettye babes,

Till death did end their grief;

In one another's armes they dyed,

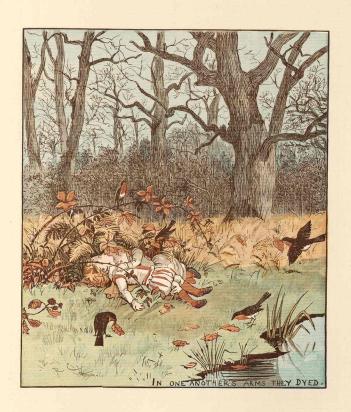
As babes wanting relief.

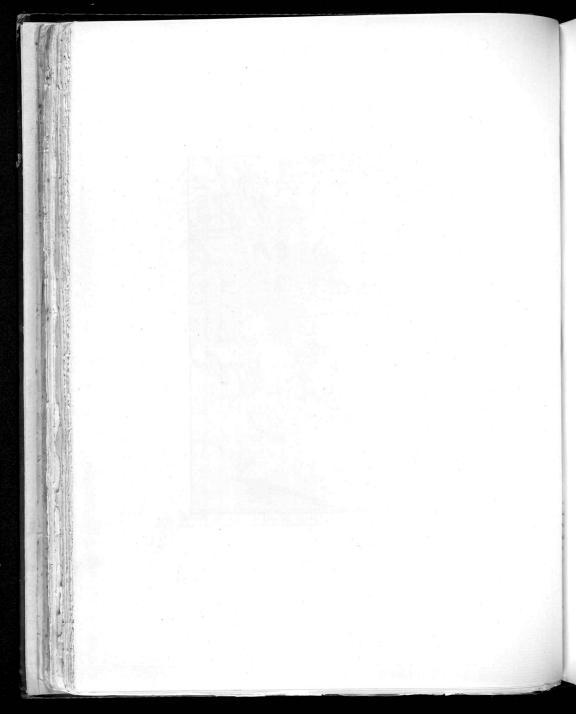
No burial these prettye babes Of any man receives,

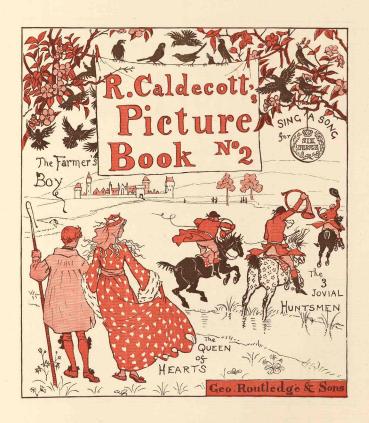


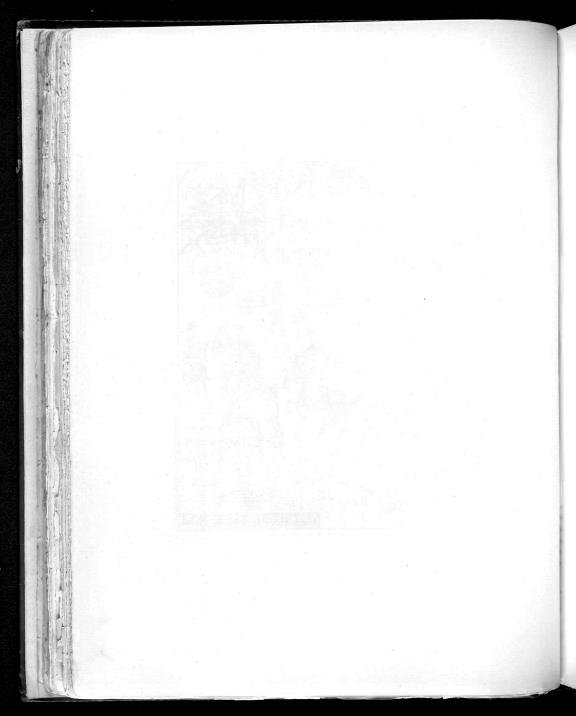
Till Robin-redbreast painfully

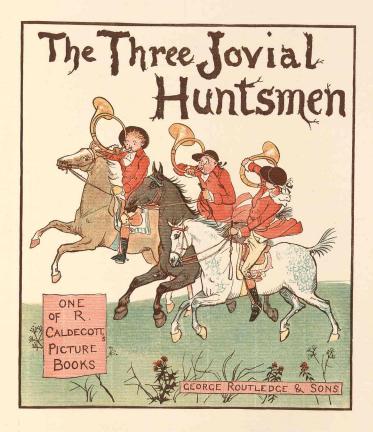
Did cover them with leaves.



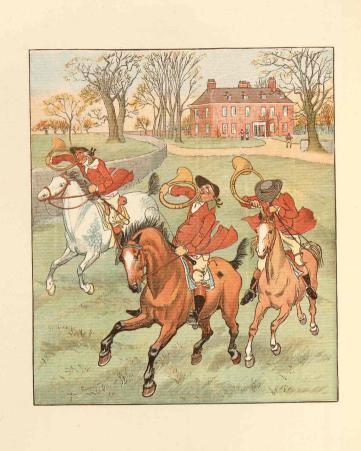








THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.





IT'S of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go;

An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also.

Look ye there!



An' one said, "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r noses reet i' th' wind,

An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet o' summat to our mind."

Look ye there!







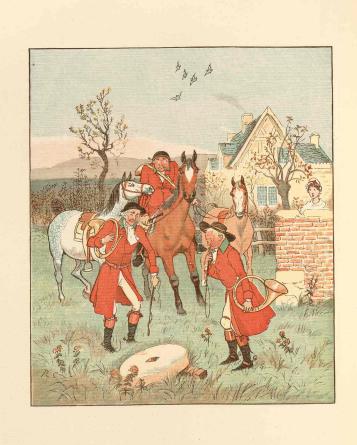
They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a boggart, an' another he said "Nay; It's just a ge'man-farmer, that has gone an' lost his way." Look ye there!









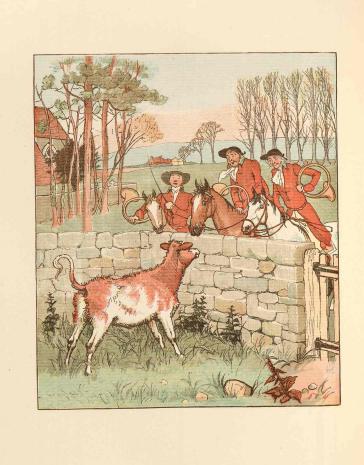
They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Nay; It's nought but an' owd fossil cheese, that somebody's roll't away." Look ye there!







Š



They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Nay; It's just a painted jackass, that has never larnt to bray." Look ye there!







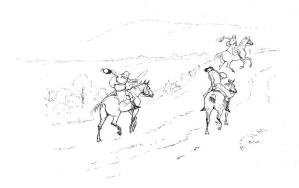
They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay; They're no' but little angels, so we'll leave 'em to their play." Look ye there!





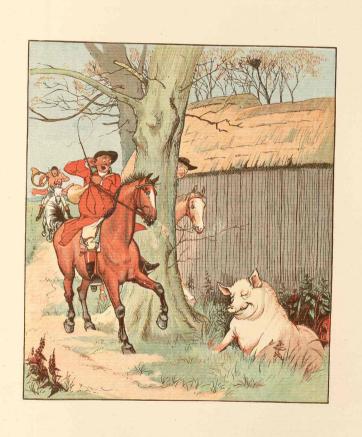




They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a fat pig, but another he said "Nay; It's just a Lunnon Alderman, whose clothes are stole away." Look ye there!









They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were lovers, but another he said "Nay; They're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come, let us go away." Look ye there!







So they hunted, an' they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun;

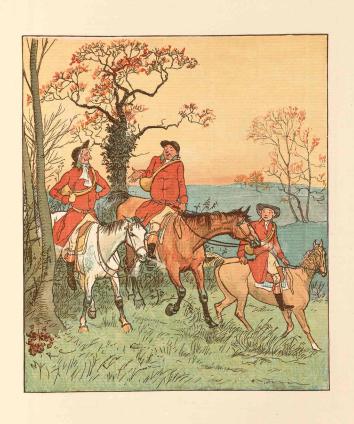
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day was done.

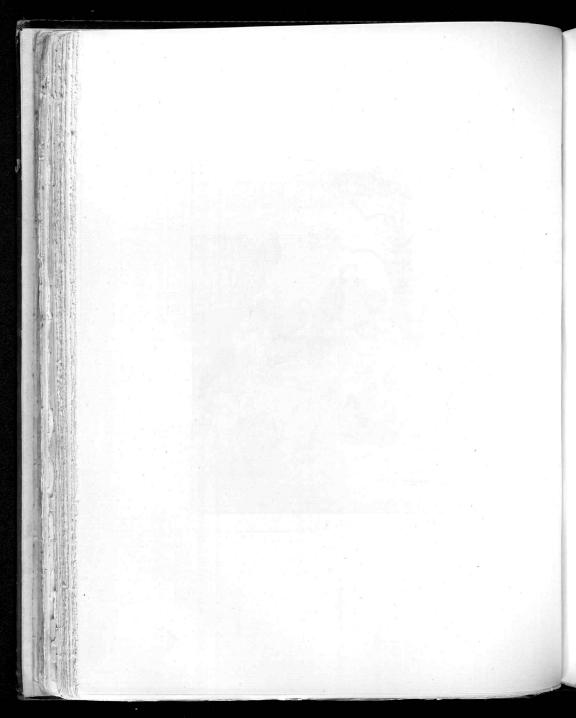
Look ye there!

Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we'n powler't up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."

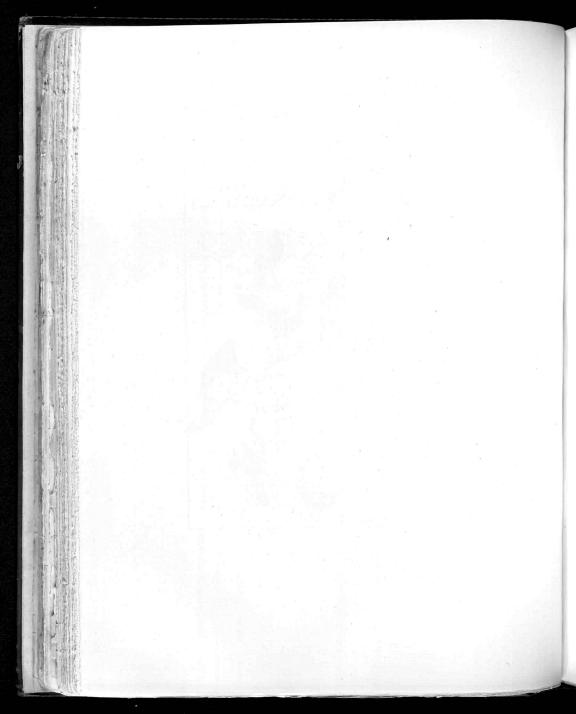
Look ye there!











SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE.



一人の一人の からないれないないのけばれたいない

## SING a Song for Sixpence,

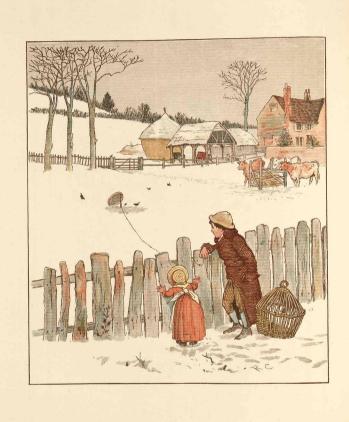




A Pocketful



of Rye;



金色



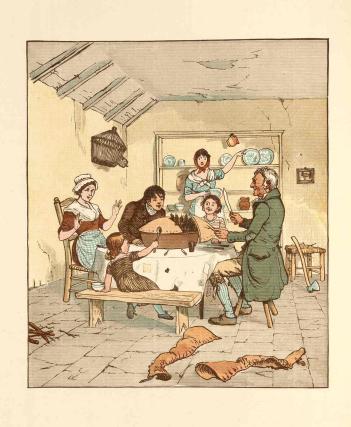
Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds



Baked



in a Pie.





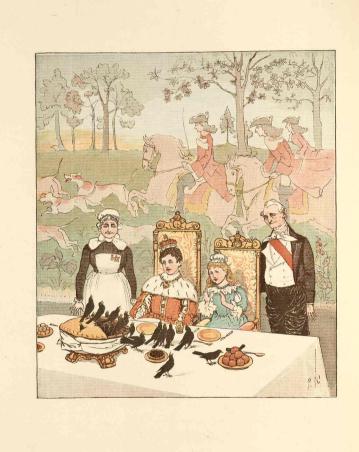
When the Pie was opened, The Birds began to sing;

Was not that



## a dainty Dish



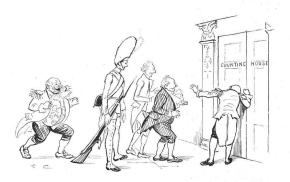




To set before the King?

The King was in





his Counting-house,



Counting out his Money.



The Queen was in





the Parlour,



Eating Bread and Honey.





The Maid was in



the Garden,



Hanging out the Clothes;

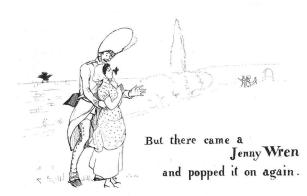




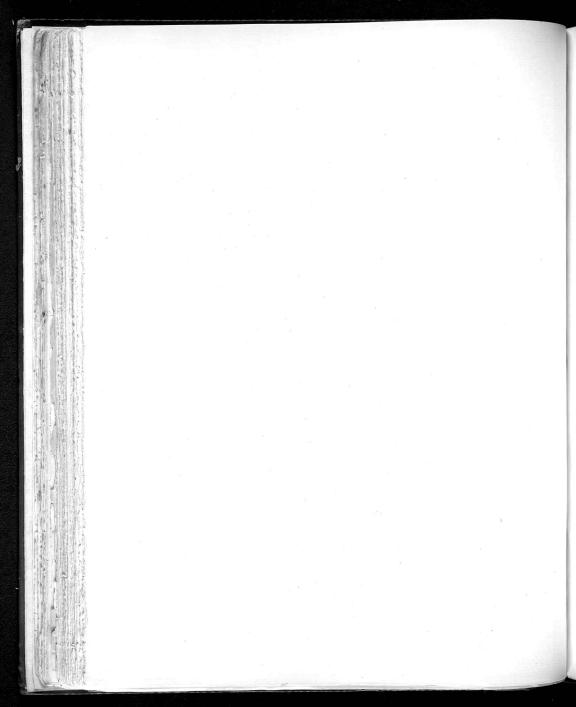
There came a little Blackbird,



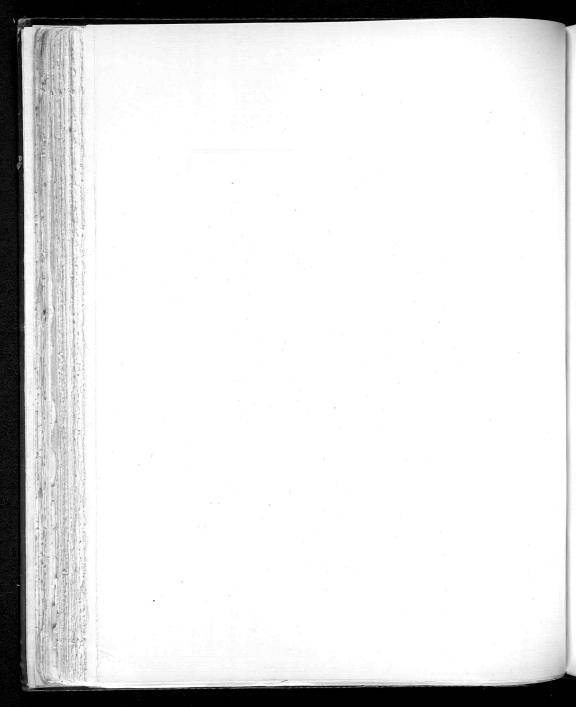
And snapped off her Nose.











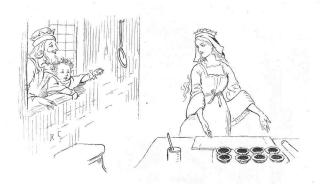
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.





THE Queen of Hearts, She made some Tarts,









All on a Summer's Day:





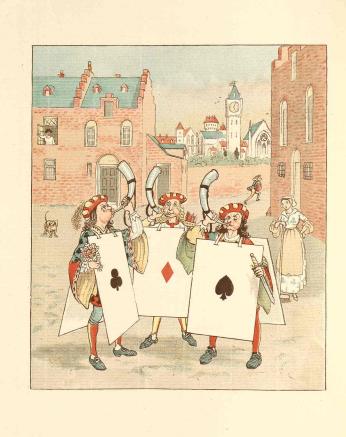
The Knave of Hearts, He stole those Tarts,













And took them right away.









The King of Hearts, Called for those Tarts,



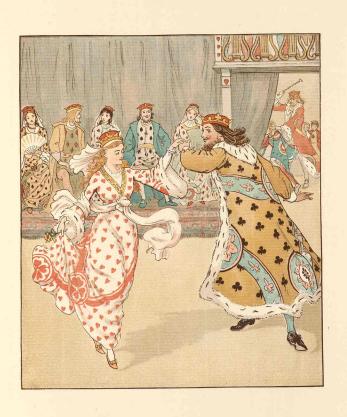


The same of the sa





And beat the Knave full sore:









The Knave of Hearts, Brought back those Tarts,





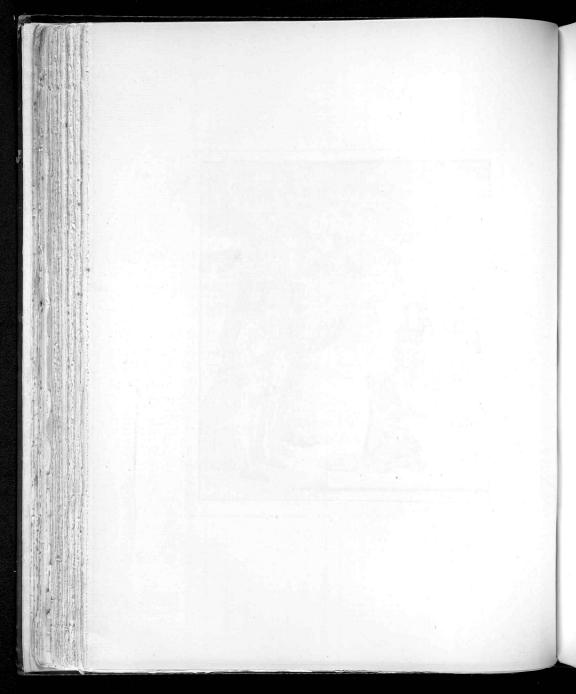
から ないない ないは からいかい

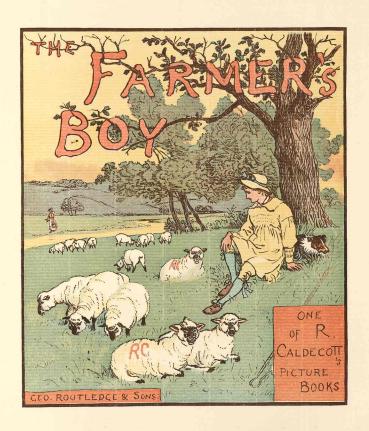


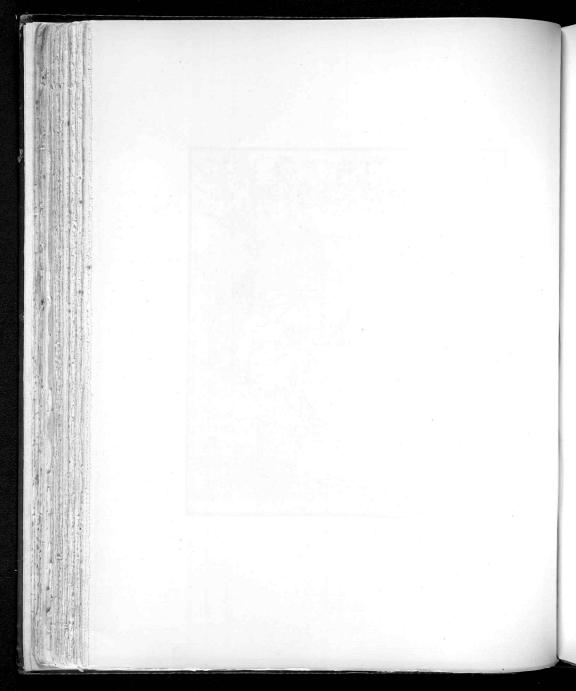


And vowed he'd steal no more.

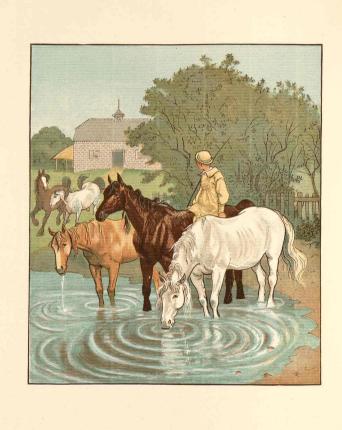








THE FARMER'S BOY.



101

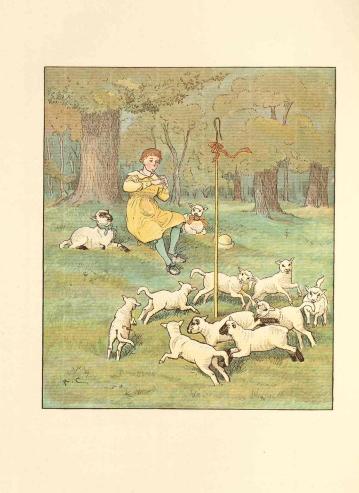
The second second



WHEN I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's HORSES,
With a Gee-wo here, and a Gee-wo there,
And here a Gee, and there a Gee,
And everywhere a Gee;





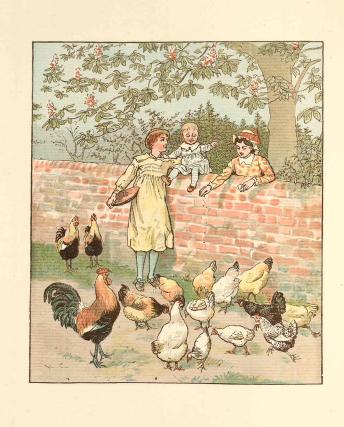




When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's LAMBS,
With a Baa-baa here, and a Baa-baa there,
And here a Baa, and there a Baa,
And everywhere a Baa;
With a Gee-wo here, and a Gee-wo there,
And here a Gee, and there a Gee,
And everywhere a Gee;
My pretty lass, will you come to the banks







Story Be



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,

I used to keep my master's HENS,

With a Chuck-chuck here, and a Chuck-chuck there,
And here a Chuck, and there a Chuck,
And everywhere a Chuck;

With a Baa-baa here, and a Baa-baa there,
And here a Baa, and there a Baa,
And everywhere a Baa;

With a Gee-wo here, and a Gee-wo there,
&c., &c., &c.





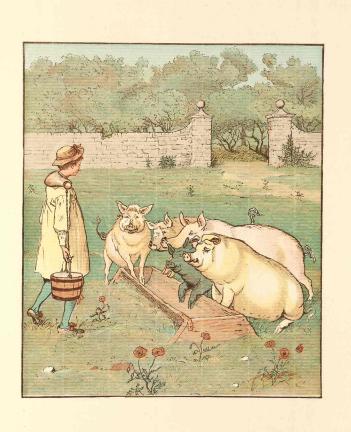


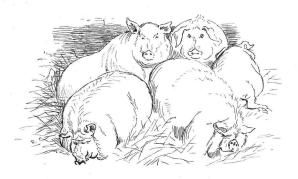
When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's PIGS,
With a Grunt-grunt here, and a Grunt-grunt there,
And here a Grunt, and there a Grunt,
And everywhere a Grunt;

With a Chuck-chuck here, and a Chuck-chuck there,
And here a Chuck, and there a Chuck,
And everywhere a Chuck:

With a Baa-baa here, and a Baa-baa there, &c., &c., &c.

With a Gee-wo here, and a Gee-wo there, &c., &c., &c.









When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,

I used to keep my master's DUCKS,

With a QUACK-QUACK here, and a QUACK-QUACK there,

And here a QUACK, and there a QUACK,

And everywhere a QUACK;

With a Grunt-grunt here, and a Grunt-grunt there, &c., &c., &c.

With a Chuck-chuck here, &c.

With a BAA-BAA here, &c.

With a Gee-wo here, &c.









When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's DOGS,
With a Bow-bow here, and a Bow-wow there,
And here a Bow, and there a Wow,
And everywhere a Wow;
With a QUACK-QUACK here, and a QUACK-QUACK there,

&c., &c., &c.
With a Grunt-grunt here, &c.

With a Chuck-chuck here, &c.

With a BAA-BAA here, &c.

With a Gee-wo here, &c.





The second of th





When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's CHILDREN,
With a Shouting here, and a Pouting there,
And here a Shout, and there a Pout,
And everywhere a Shout;

With a Bow-Bow here, and a Bow-wow there, &c., &c., &c.

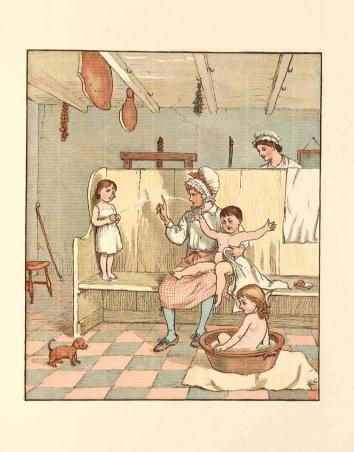
With a QUACK-QUACK here, &c.

With a Grunt-grunt here, &c.

With a Chuck-chuck here, &c.

With a BAA-BAA here, &c.

With a GEE-wo here, &c.







When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,

I used to keep my master's TURKEYS,

With a Gobble-gobble here, and a Gobble-gobble there,

And here a Gobble, and there a Gobble,

And everywhere a Gobble;

With a Shouting here, and a Pouting there, &c., &c.

With a Bow-wow here, &c.

With a Quack-quack here, &c.

With a Grunt-grunt here, &c.

With a Chuck-chuck here, &c.

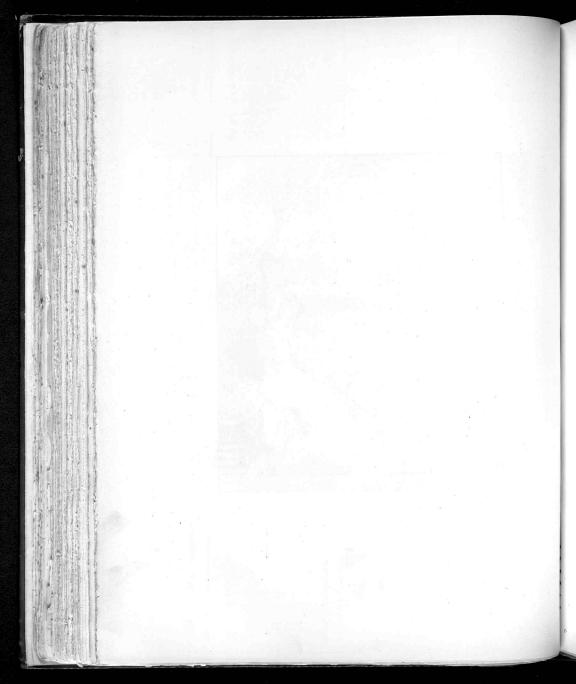
With a BAA-BAA here, &c.

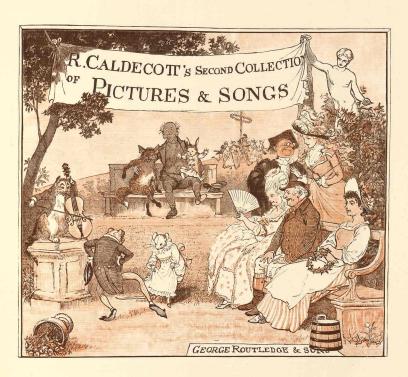
With a GEE-wo here, &c.

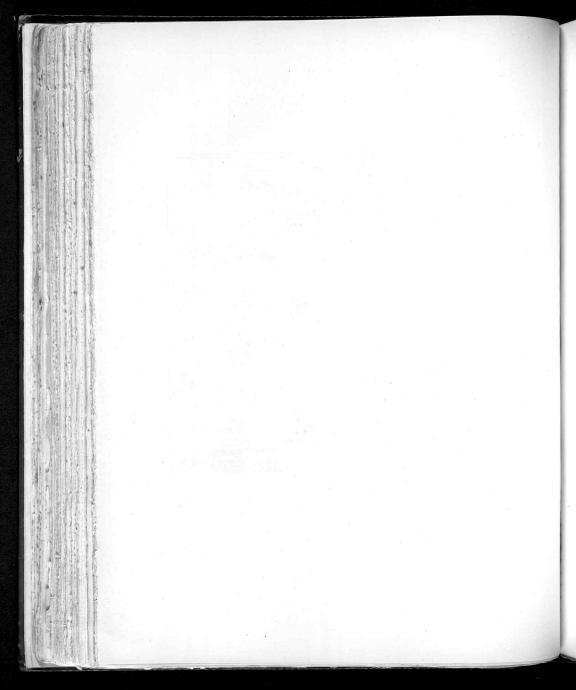


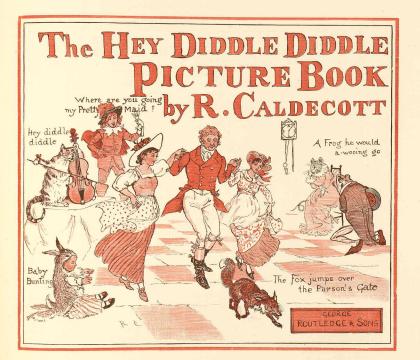


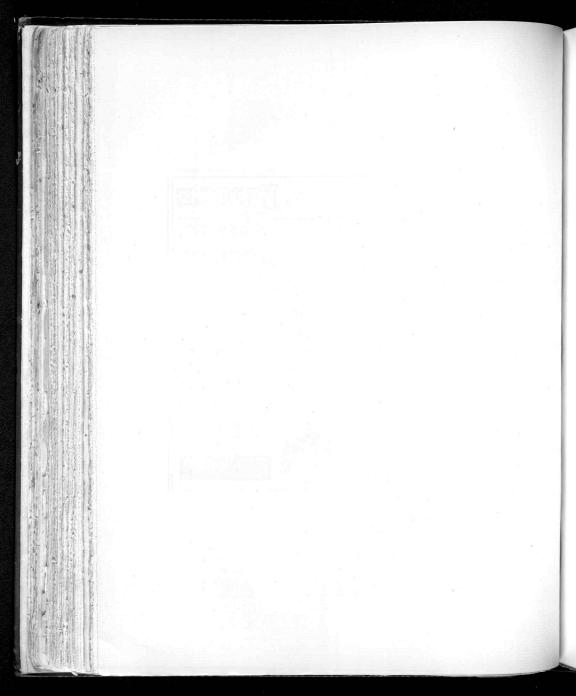
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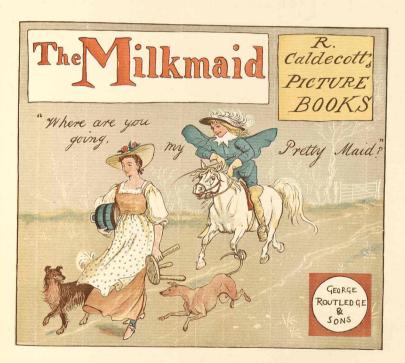


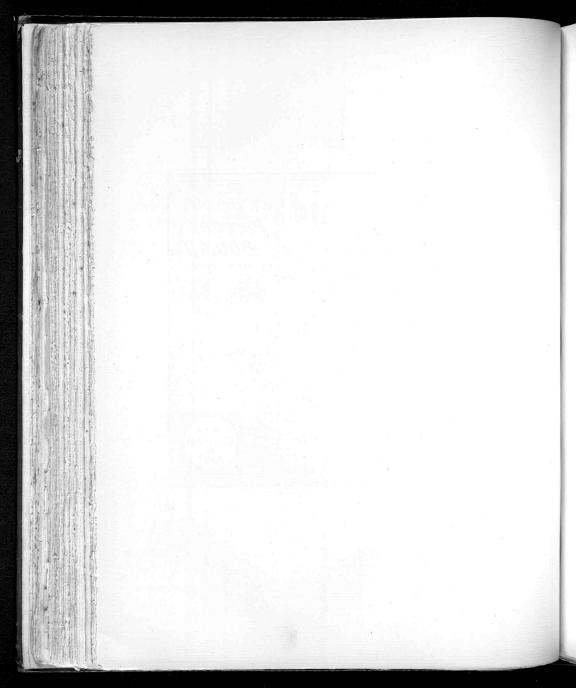












THE MILKMAID.



## The MILKMAID.

An Old Song exhibited & explained in many designs by R. Caldecott.



= A LADY said to her Son \_ a poor young Squire:
"You must seek a Wife with a Fortune!"







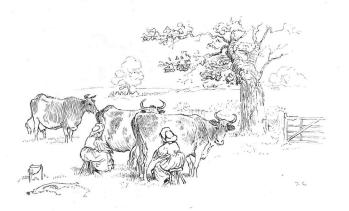
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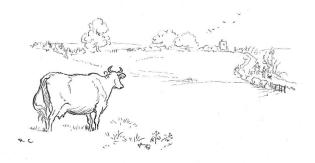
No.



"WHERE are you going, my Pretty Maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said.







"Shall I go with you, my Pretty Maid?"
"Oh yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.





"What is your Father, my Pretty Maid?"



"My Father's a Farmer, Sir," she said.



"Shall I marry you, my Pretty Maid?"
"Oh thank you, kindly, Sir," she said.





- "But what is your fortune, my Pretty Maid?"
- "My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.



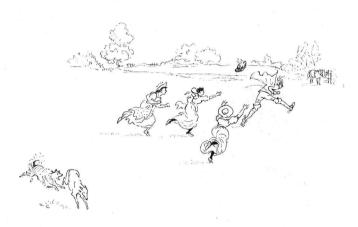


"Then I can't marry you, my Pretty Maid!"
"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said.





"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said.

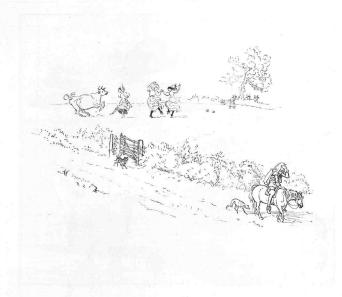


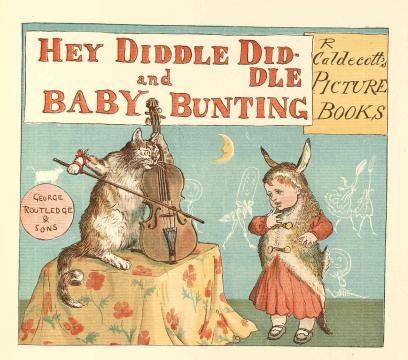
"Sir!" she said.

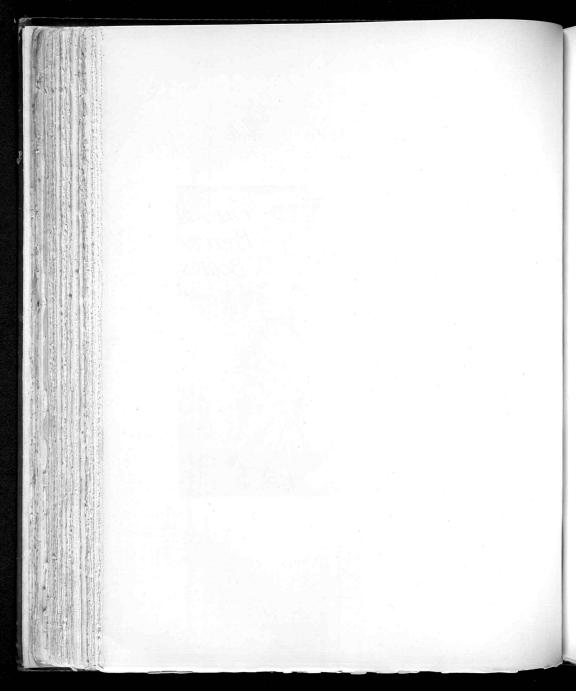


"Nobody asked you, Sir!" she said.









HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE.



Hey, diddle, diddle,

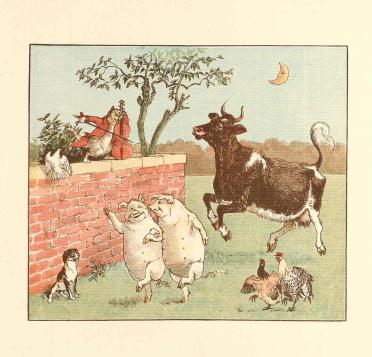




The Cat



and the Fiddle,





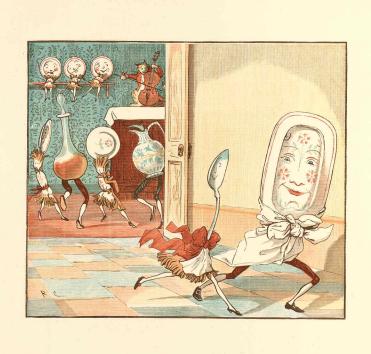
The Cow jumped over the Moon,



The little Dog laughed



to see such fun,





And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.





BABY BUNTING.



Bye, Baby Bunting!





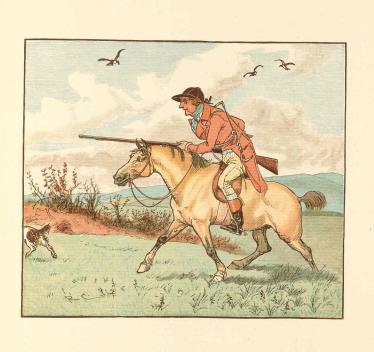
Father's



gone



a-hunting,

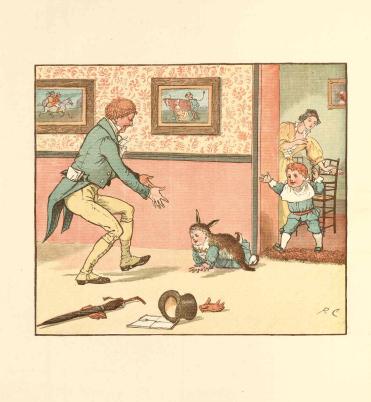




Gone to fetch



a Rabbit-skin

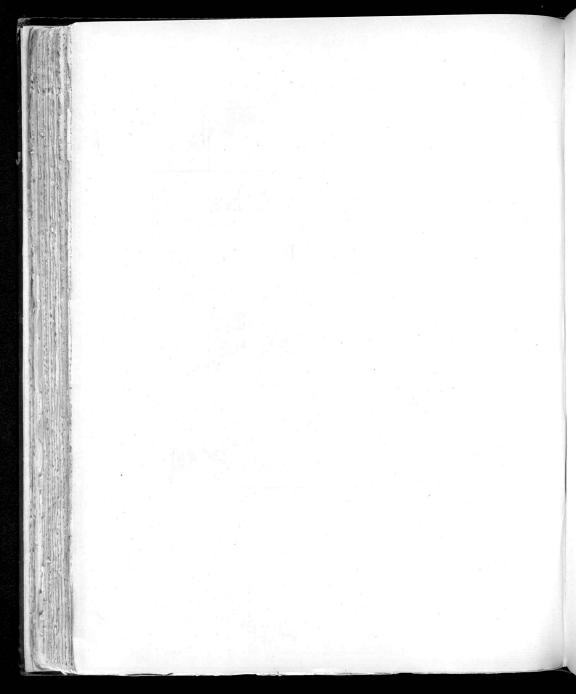




To wrap the Baby Bunting in.







A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.





A Frog he would a-wooing go,

Heigho, says Rowley!

Whether his Mother would let him or no.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



So off he set with his opera-hat,

Heigho, says Rowley!

And on his way he met with a Rat.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.



" Pray, Mr. RAT, will you go with me,"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"Pretty Miss Mousey for to see?"

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!





Now they soon arrived at Mousey's Hall,

Heigho, says Rowley!

And gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



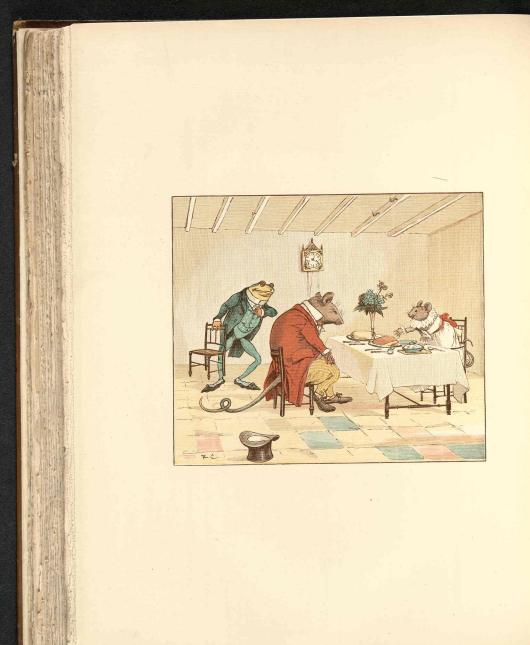
"Pray, Miss Mousey, are you within?"

\*\*Heigho, says Rowley!

"Oh, yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach, Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!







"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you give us some beer?"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."



With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,



Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!





"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"

Heigho, says Rowley!

"But let it be something that's not very long."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Indeed, Miss Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,

Heigho, says Rowley!

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a Hog."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Since you have caught cold," Miss Mousey said,

Heigho, says Rowley!

"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



But while they were all thus a merry-making,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!





The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown;

Heigho, says Rowley!

The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;

Heigho, says Rowley!

He took up his hat, and he wished them good night.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



But as Froggy was crossing a silvery brook,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A lily-white Duck came and gobbled him up.

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!





So there was an end of one, two, and three,

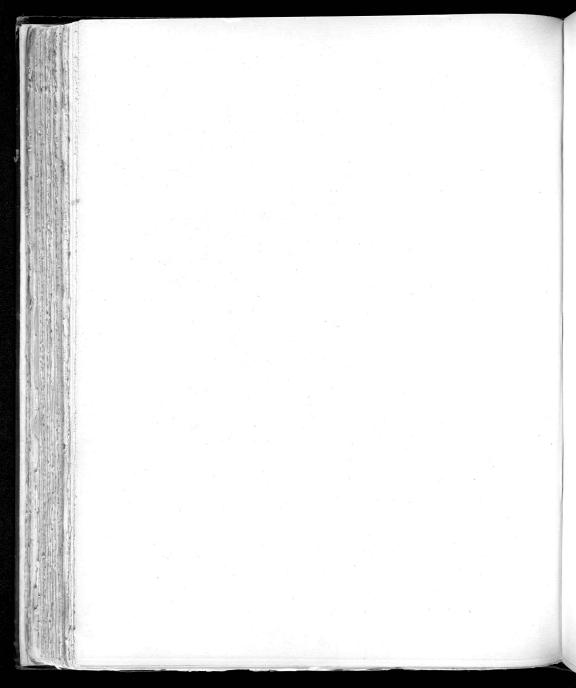
Heigho, says Rowley!

The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!

With a rowley-powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!





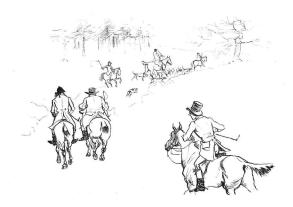
THE FOX JUMPS OVER

THE PARSON'S GATE.



THE Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!









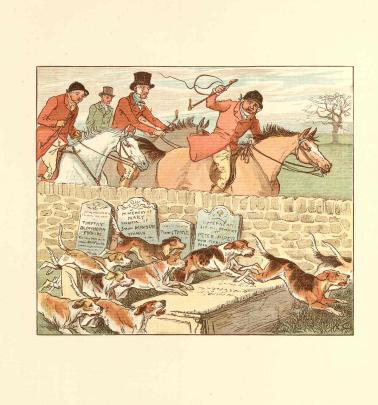
The Fox 'jumps over the Parson's gate,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go.



But all my fancy dwells on Nancy,
So I'll cry, Tally-ho!
So I'll cry, Tally-ho!







Now the Parson had a pair to wed

As the Hounds came full in view;
He tossed his surplice over his head,
And bid them all adieu!



But all my fancy dwelt on Nancy,
So he cried, Tally-ho!



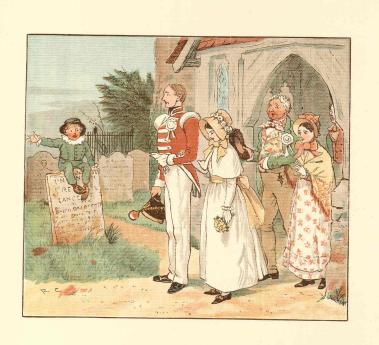


Oh! never despise the soldier-lad

Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low.



But all my fancy dwells on Nancy, So I'll cry, Tally-ho!











Then pass around the can, my boys;

For we must homewards go,

For we must homewards go,

For we must homewards go.

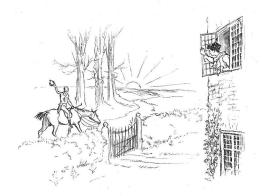
And if you ask me of this song

The reason for to shew,

I don't exactly know—ow—ow,

I don't exactly know.





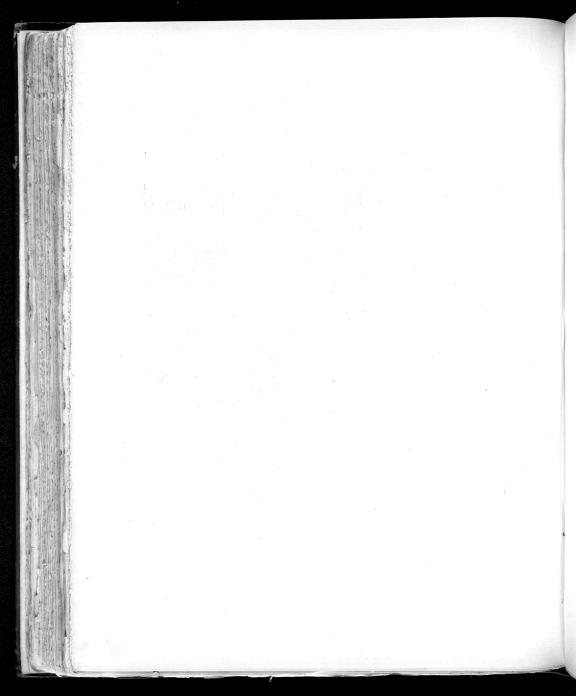


But all my fancy dwells on Nancy,
So I'll sing, Tally-ho!
So I'll sing, Tally-ho!
But all my fancy dwells on Nancy,
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!

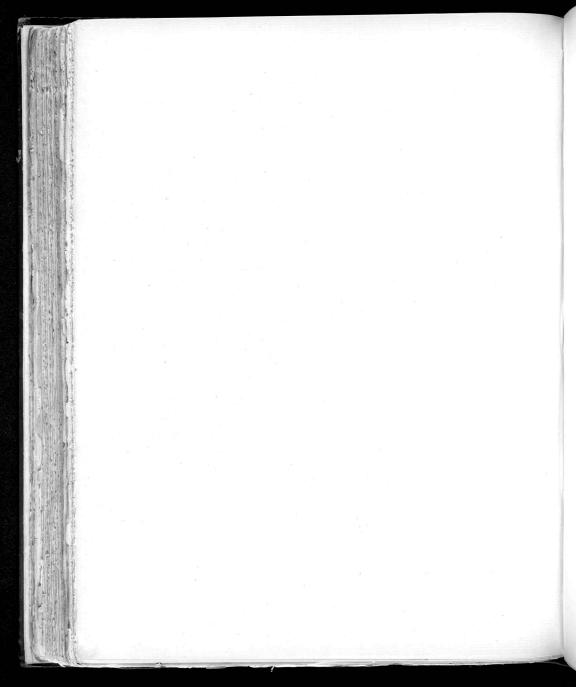










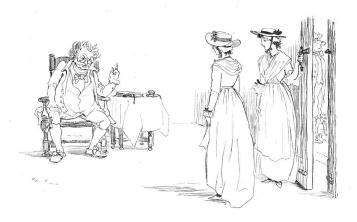




COME LASSES AND LADS.



COME Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,



And away to the May-pole hey:



For every he

Has got him a she,

With a Minstrel standing by.



For Willy has gotten his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Jone,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.





"Strike up," says Watt; "Agreed," says Kate,

"And I prithee, Fiddler, play;"

"Content," says Hodge, and so says Madge,

For this is a Holiday!

Then every man did put his hat off to his lass,

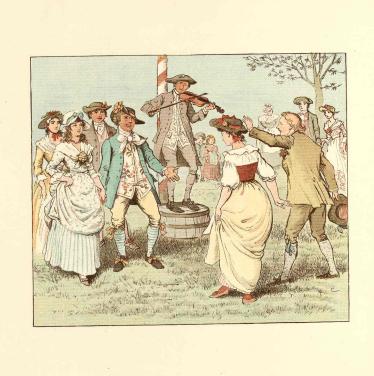
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.



"Begin," says Hall; "Ay, ay," says Mall,
"We'll lead up Pockington's pound;"
"No, no," says Noll, and so says Doll,
"We'll first have Sellenger's round."

Then every man began
to foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it,
Jet it, jet it in and out.





"You're out," says  $\mathrm{Dick}$ ; "Not I," says  $\mathrm{Nick}$ , "The Fiddler played it false;" "'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue, And so says nimble ALICE.



The Fiddler then began to play the tune again, And every girl did trip it,

Trip it, trip it to the men.





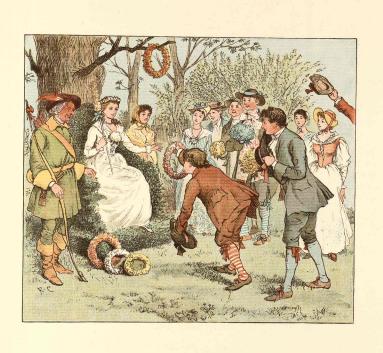
Then after an hour, they went to a bower,

And played for ale and cakes,

And kisses too—until they were due

the lasses held the stakes.







The girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,

And bid them take their kisses back,

and give them their own again,

And bid them take their kisses back,

and give them their own again.





Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the Fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.





They told the Fiddler then,
they'd pay him for his play,



And each a 2-pence, 2-pence, 2-pence, gave him and went away.



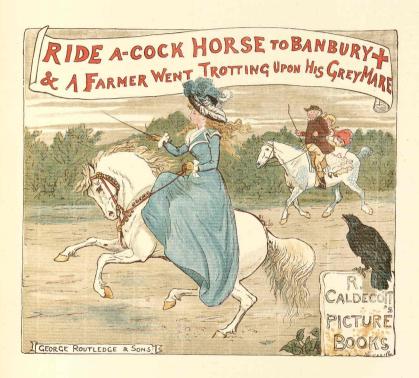
"Good-night," says Harry; "Good-night," says Mary; "Good-night," says Dolly to John;"

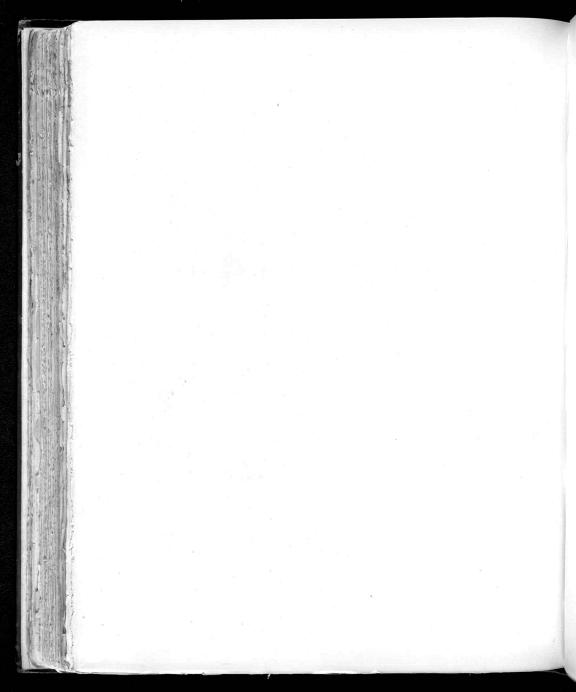
"Good-night," says Sue, to her sweetheart Hugh, "Good-night," says everyone.



Some walked and some did run, Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.









RIDE A COCK-HORSE

TO BANBURY CROSS.





RIDE a Cock-Horse

To Banbury Cross,





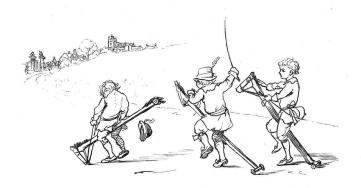




To see a fine Lady

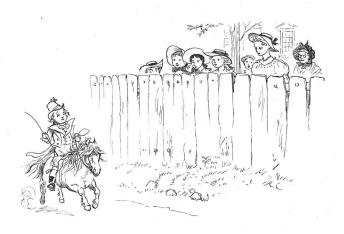
Get on a white Horse,







With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes, She shall have music wherever she goes.



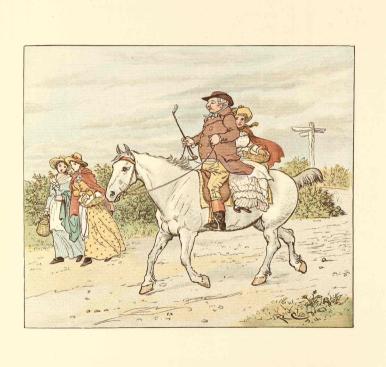


A FARMER WENT TROTTING

UPON HIS GREY MARE.



A FARMER went trotting upon his grey Mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his Daughter behind him, so rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!



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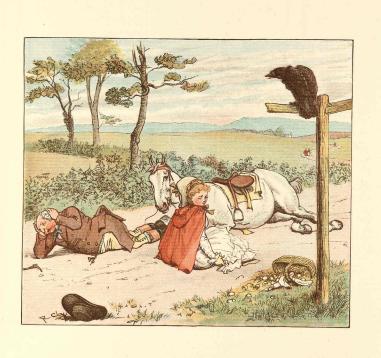


A Raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down:

Bumpety, bump!

The Mare broke her knees, and the Farmer his crown,

Lumpety, lumpety, lump!



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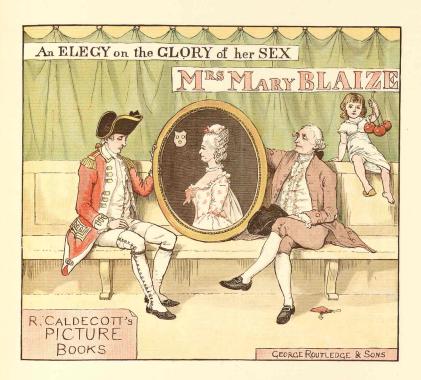


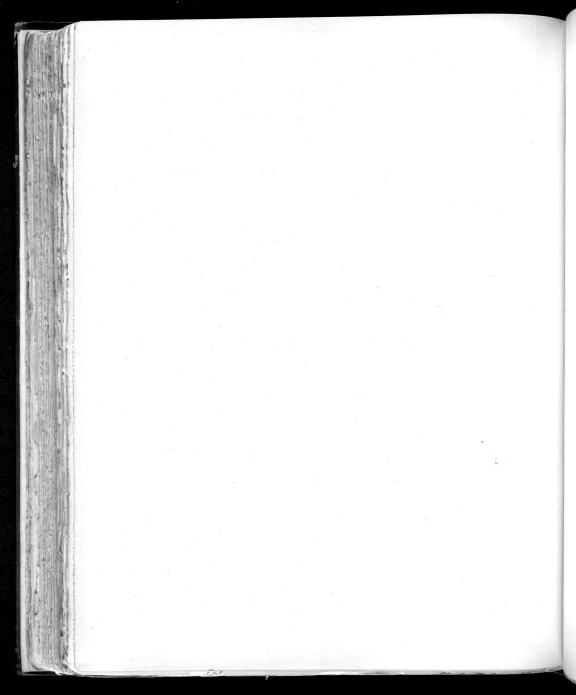
The mischievous Raven flew laughing away;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

And vowed he would serve them the same the next day;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!









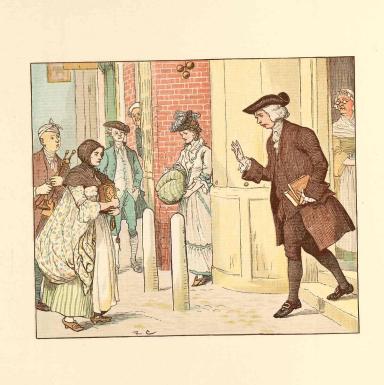
## AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

BY

Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



GOOD people all,
with one accord,

Lament for
Madam Blaize,

Who never wanted
a good word——





From those



who spoke her praise.



The needy seldom pass'd her door,

And always found her kind;

She freely lent to all the poor——





Who left



a pledge behind.





She strove the neighbourhood to please With manners wondrous winning;

And never follow'd wicked ways-





Unless when she was sinning.



At church, in silks and satins new,

With hoop of monstrous size,

She never slumber'd in her pew——





But when she shut her eyes.





Her love was sought, I do aver,

By twenty beaux and more;

The King himself has follow'd her—





When she has walk'd before.



But now, her wealth and finery fled,

Her hangers-on cut short-all:

The Doctors found, when she was dead—

Her last disorder mortal.



Let us lament, in sorrow sore,

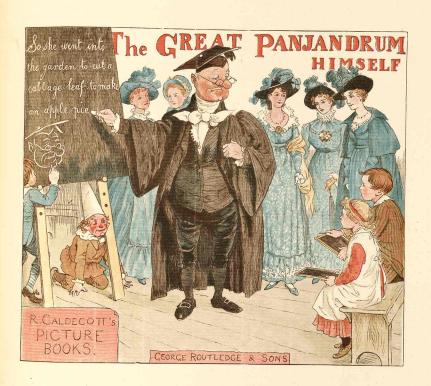
For Kent Street well may say,

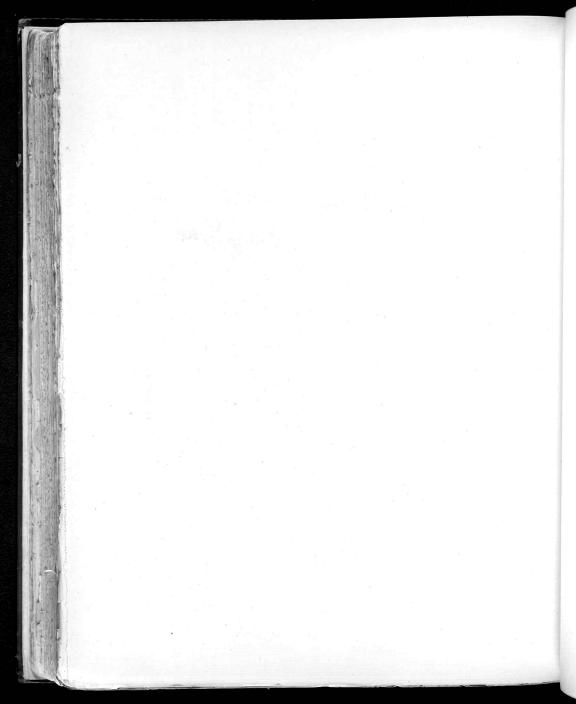
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—

She had not died to-day.









THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF.





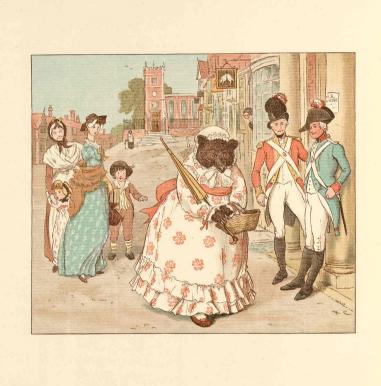
So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf



to make



an apple-pie;





and at the same time a great she-bear, coming down the street, pops its head into the shop.



What! no soap?



So he died,



and she very imprudently married the Barber:







## and there were present



the Picninnies,

and the Joblillies,

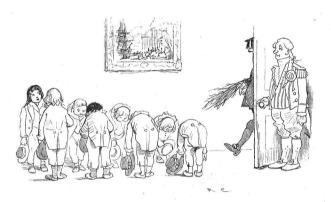




and the Garyulies,







and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round  $\qquad \qquad \text{button at top}\,;$ 





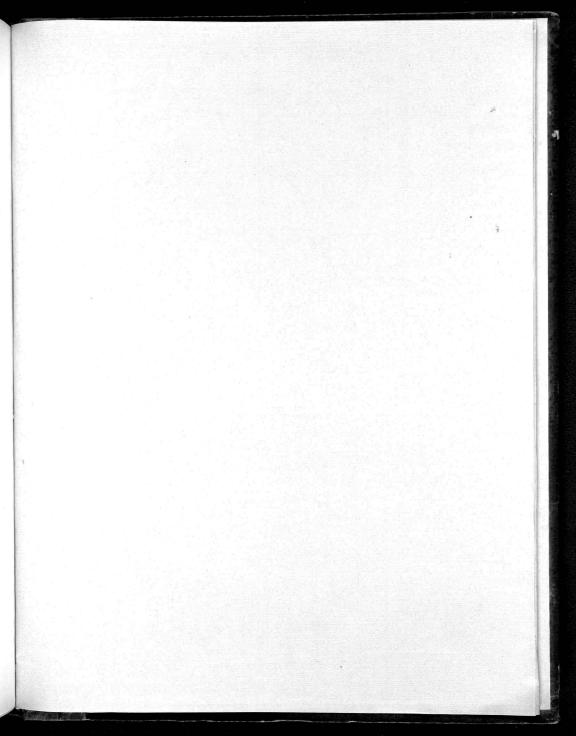
and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can,

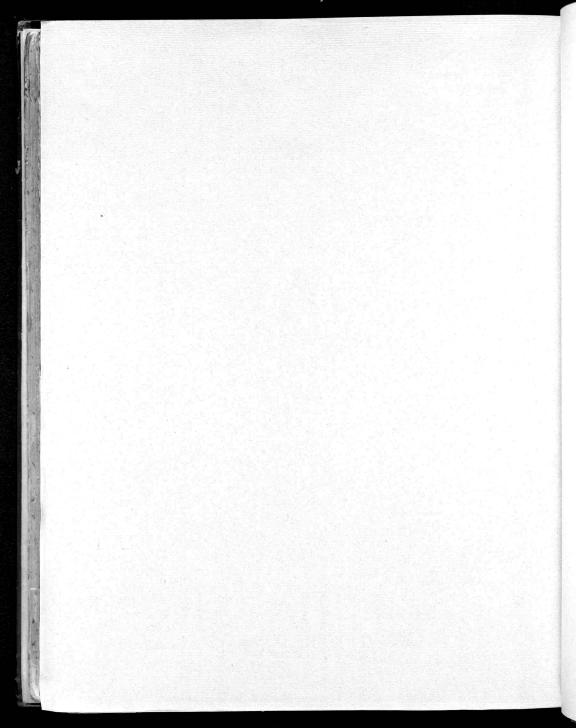


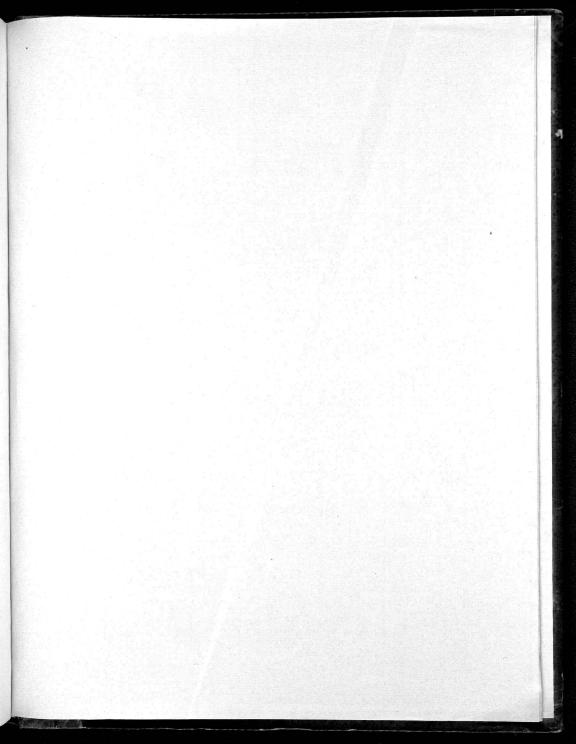
till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.

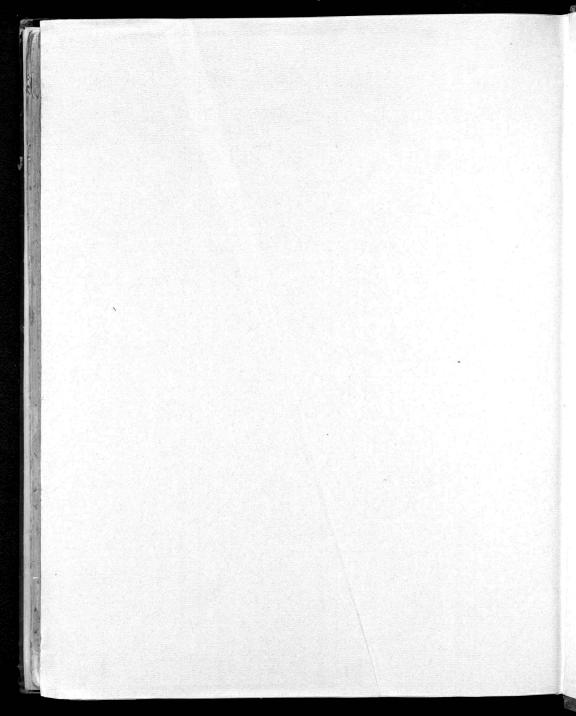












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